

# ILLUSTRATED TIMES

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## THE DELINQUENCIES OF PAUL, BATES AND STRAHAN.

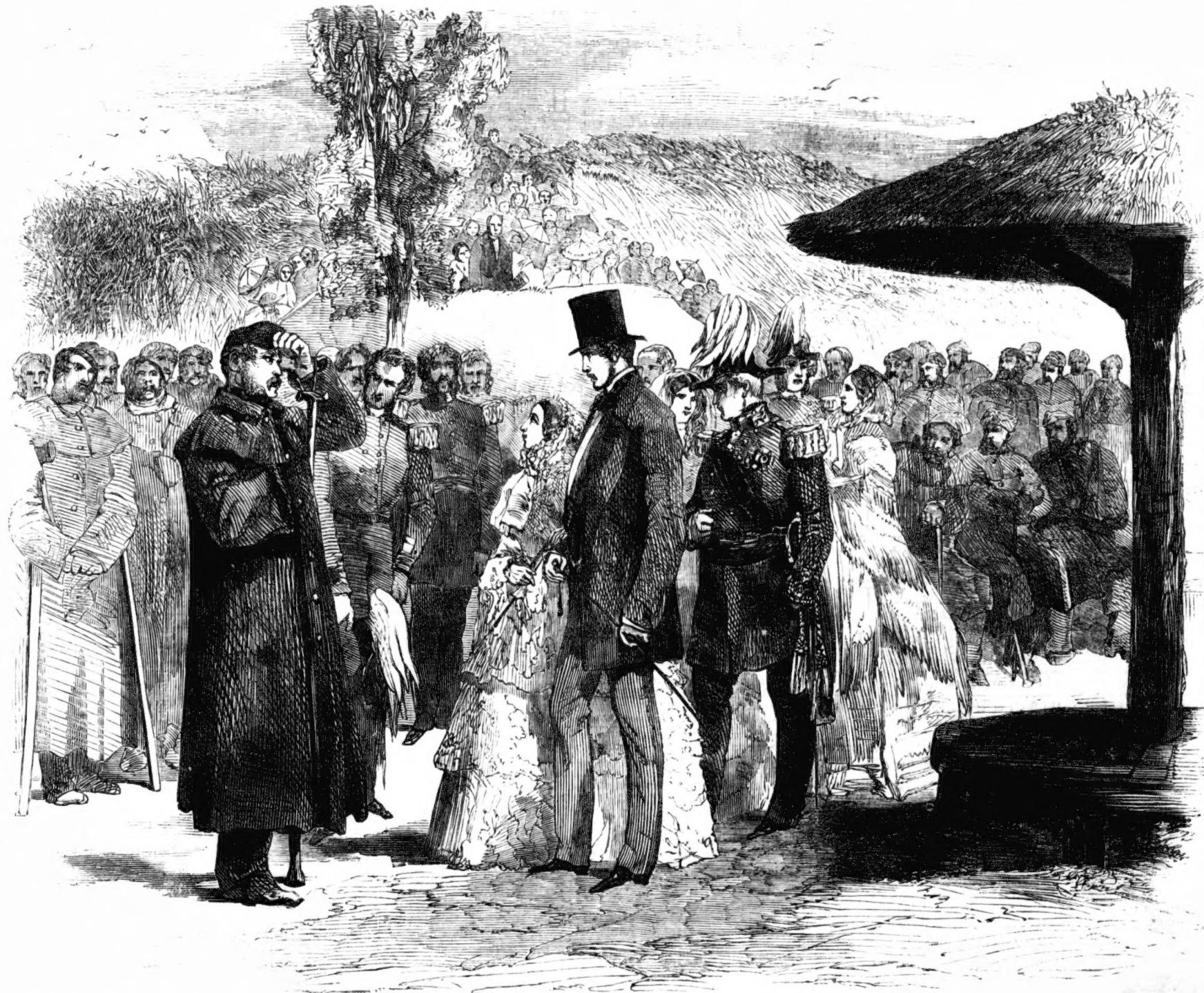
THERE are cases in all histories in which social catastrophes have rivalled political ones in interest, or even beaten them out of the field as provocatives of public excitement. The strange story of the "Diamond Necklace" had a profound effect on the French revolution; as, at a previous date, the speculations of Law had contributed to the changes which produced that event. The truth is, such circumstances as these come home to the understanding and sympathy of everybody, while a merely political event is comparatively an abstraction. The old woman who, during the French Revolution, was heard bawling against the King's *reto*, under the impression that it was a tax upon sugar, was not so far wrong. It was a tax upon sugar, indirectly,—and she was a representative old woman, inasmuch as she looked at things from a point of view common to thousands like her. So, again, George the Fourth might have gone on long enough, without raising such a storm as he did, when he once began to persecute his wife. Mankind are governed through their hearts, and their imaginations, and their domestic sympathies,—whatever the utilitarians may say. And when you touch these, you produce excitements of a peculiarly vivid and formidable nature.

At this time the whole country is ringing—even to a degree which is remarkable in a time of so many agitations, with the failure of Strahan, Paul, and Bates. The sufferers are many, and the sufferings heavy. Put what are the sufferers and sufferings to a country so enormously populous and wealthy? Looked on in that light, they are not very awful. But the case is serious and heart-stirring, because it has lessons with it more valuable than even the immense

sums which have been lost, can fairly represent. The conduct of this firm is a sign of the times. The event is a representative event. People who do not lose sixpence by it—and who know nobody who has lost sixpence—are startled and wonder-stricken. They philosophise on the swindlers, and inquire what light their conduct throws on the character of the age. Paul and Co. are not isolated mortals. They have lived in English society. They have been respectable saints, and patronised by fashionable sinners. What a philosopher would like to know, is, how far their proceedings have been affected by their position? How far have their conditions produced them? A straw tells us how the wind blows. A crop indicates the nature of the soil. What deductions are we to make when we find that a pet of the religious, and a familiar of the great, world, turns out to have been a rascal without scruple, for a number of years? Grant that the nature of the individual is the fundamental matter; yet, we have still to ask, what circumstances have favoured his success? how did he acquire these astonishing proportions? where was the peculiar charm of his sheep's clothing that nobody saw the wolf under it for such a long while? Viewed thus, a Paul becomes an instructive subject—as the sorriest felon once executed is as valuable to anatomists as a better man.

We very much fear that little that is cheering will present itself, when we consider the phenomenon of these bankers' career from this point of view. What made Paul a baronet? The belief in his money. What made him a saint? His subscriptions. What brought people round him and his temple of Baal? Their admiration of his apparent opulence—the fine halo of gold and plush about the man. How could such an atmosphere breed anything but what it did breed? Society preached to him all his fraudulent life—Be rich—be respectable—all else is of little consequence. Riches will be as good as nobility—better than talent—and a means for being "religious" by patronising whatever claims that name. Paul and Co. listened to the oracle, and obeyed the voice of the brazen head. To be trusted, one must seem to be well off,—Paul did his best—with his town houses and country houses—his dinners to the "west end" of England, and his evangelisation of the interior of China—and became the humbug which the world incited him to be. It was his mission, no doubt: but as toadstools only grow where the earth is fitted for them, such a career required a predisposing set of circumstances to ripen it. Greediness, worldliness, and hypocrisy being rampant—why, everything tended to make the man and his partners greedy, worldly, and hypocritical. Of course they will be largely preached upon by their old associates. Deans who dined with them will shake their heads; but as the deans would have thought it low of the bankers not to have had fine guests and early strawberries, such of them as have lost money must take the Christian consolation which they frequently only preach, and know that they themselves have something to bear of the blame. The Exeter Hall folk will be in a melancholy frame of mind, and the tears due to Timbuctoo will be shed over Paul's country seat near Brighton. But who are such worshippers of elegant appearances and sleek opulences as Exeter Hall? Did these men they cherished ever lead a Christian life as a Christian life was once conceived in England? Did anything procure them respect but their money and their decorum?

The effect of this bankruptcy has been like the breaking-up of a whitened sepulchre—tumbling out its store of dead men's bones to the general horror. But are such sepulchres in fashion? Do any facts of the time encourage the building of such edifices? Do others still



THE QUEEN INSPECTING THE CRIMEAN INVALIDS AT FORT PITT.

exist of which the stucco has not been disturbed, and inside which the rottenness is still safely and neatly stowed? We fear they do! We fear that the case is as suggestively ugly as it is *ugly per se*; that if it proves infamy on the part of the firm, it suggests also dark and terrible misgivings as to the moral state of English society.

The truth is, that money is all-potent in every department of our life. With enough money a man may choose his wife from almost any family. Titles—places—all society, lie open to him. Until Hudson's affairs were reputed shaky, who did not delight to honour Hudson? This kind of thing stimulates mean and greedy natures into an eager money-grubbing; and, injuring the moral perceptions, spreads a gambling feverishness through society. "Appearances," as the outward symbols of wealth, have become to the moderns what heraldry was to those who aspired to lead once—the *insignia* of their honour. The banker and merchant are invited and encouraged to be ostentatious and extravagant. The more they seem magnificent and pretentious, the more people rush to trust their money to them. Our holy water comes from the Pactolus, instead of the Jordan. No doubt, many a poor fellow is ruined in the catastrophe of Paul, entirely by trusting to the "aristocratic" character of the establishment—the English notion of aristocracy being the possession of a title, a carriage, and a country-house—all of which have been conferred by fortune for the last few generations on the scum of mankind.

It is fortunate for the public that this nest of robbers has not confined its doings within the boundaries which divide what is morally infamous from what is punishable by law. But for the fact, that they made away with "securities"—they would have escaped scot-free. Now, however, they will be criminally proceeded against. And, indeed, our effeminate tenderness in punishing commercial frauds is a very silly policy. It removes fear—vulgar physical fear, the sole object of terror (barring an equally vulgar dread of Mrs. Grundy) to low and greedy minds. Fortunately, we say, these offenders have come within the range of appropriate castigation; and we have very little doubt that it will be salutary as an example. But people will do well to consider how far they, by their encouragement, produce such careers as this;—how far, if you worship ignobly, you help to breed ignoble objects of worship. A people's gods are the very best things by which you can estimate their characters. We English halloo after the carriage wheels of Nabobs; we spoil the good Nabob by flattering: the bad one we sharpen into a worse by pampering him with our homages:—conscious that he is only worshipped for his success, he becomes a humbug on principle, and a scoundrel by system.

The gross amount of debts against the firm is, it seems, £680,000. The accounts on the other side are of the poorest character; and the case is equally shocking from the Basinghall Street and the Old Bailey point of view. Many great personages are losers; but some persons have lost whose cases will excite much commiseration, and may lead to something more. It may be a question, for instance, how far the widow of Admiral Boxer is entitled to the consideration of Parliament and the country, if it is true that the savings of her husband's long and laborious life are swept away in the ruin. By the way, the country will be curious to know *who* the individuals were who benefited by the firm's hint that they were going to break, and obtained a preference which they knew to be fraudulent? What sign of our social morality is this?

Great frauds of this kind are national affairs. Hence, even in these war days, and with such stirring events on hand, we have thought it right to bring this bankruptcy—in a point of view not sufficiently considered—conspicuously before our readers. There is a close relation between our social morality and our politics,—our foul election bribes—our army "purchase" system, with its abuses—our base adulterations of the articles of food—our jobberies—our hypocrisies, which, by giving wealth every privilege, drive our poor to such riotous proceedings as we have lately had. All these are connected together—and all may receive illustration from what is now before us in the heinous and treacherous dishonesty, which will make the names of Strahan, Paul, and Bates infamous for ever in the annals of commerce.

#### THE QUEEN'S VISIT TO FORT PITT.

ON Monday, the 18th of June, the inhabitants of Strood, Rochester, and Chatham were startled from their rural tranquillity by the exciting news, that, on the morrow, her Majesty would pass through their towns on her way to visit the wounded soldiers in the Fort Pitt General Hospital. There was, however, one circumstance that damped the delight of the loyal inhabitants. The Queen had requested that the visit might be considered as private one, paid, not to the Kentish householders, but to her wounded and sick soldiers. She had requested that there might be no civic parade, or demonstrations of fidelity and affection, and had distinctly stated that she made the journey as a simple English lady, who was anxious to console with her brave servants—those who had met with injuries in her service; whose flesh and limbs and health had been destroyed whilst fighting in her cause.

It is our good fortune to have for Queen a lady, who, by many good deeds, has proved that her woman's nature has been unaltered by the glories of her station. A list of her private pensioners would fill a volume. The children of her domestics are educated at her cost; and her wounded soldiers are visited at the bed-side, and cheered by her soft, pitying voice.

In the time of King Charles the Second, the wounded soldiers were left to get well as best they could; either to crawl along the ground, until their shattered limbs were strong enough to bear the body's weight, or to lie on damp outhouse straw, till the fever had either killed or left them. The Monarch, wrapped up in his pride, merely looked upon his men as so much dirt to bank up the ditch "that doth hedge a king."

As soon as the intended visit was known, the inhabitants of Rochester, Chatham, and the neighbouring towns, were all seized with the desire to be present at the ceremony. There were at least 30,000 persons who would have given a year of their life-time to have gained admission into Fort Pitt. Those who were acquainted with the influential, lost no time in besieging their door-steps. The door-way of the Mayor of Rochester was surrounded by a mob of ladies, begging and praying for an admittance to the Fort. At the Barracks, Colonel Eden was obliged to declare himself "out." At the hospital itself, Dr. Dartnell had to display the firmness of a Regulus, and endure the dagger glances of the disappointed with the same stoicism as that virtuous patriot endured the knife points that lined the Carthaginian tub, in which he took his dismal roll down the hill.

Enemies were made on that evening that it will take months to calm down. When the party season begins, some people will learn what it is to offend.

When Tuesday morning arrived, all those who had flags hung them out of their second floor windows, and those who had none contented themselves by having an extra coating of earth-tone put on their door-steps, and displaying the drawing-room curtains to the best advantage. As early as 12 o'clock the roads leading to the railroad station were crowded with spectators, young ladies in delicate blue muslins, with bouquets in their hands—sky-builders in rough working coats swelling of patch—warm-looking mamas with gorgeous bonnets, red-faced papas with the new Sunday's hat on, side by side with bare-headed servant girls and farm labourers in wide-awakes.

A guard of honour of the Royal Marines formed a kind of human palisade to keep back the multitude. They good temperedly endured the restlessness pushing from behind, ordering the obstreperous back in the mildest manner. Three hours in the sun is enough to rouse the anger of most men, but these veterans remained patient in the blazing heat, merely showing their fatigue by occasionally changing the leg to rest upon.

At a quarter to three it was reported that the Queen was coming. Instantly the mob began adjusting their dresses, making a rustling sound like trees in the wind. Bonnets were bent into their proper shapes, shawls jerked back into form, and all eyes focussed upon the station door, as [unclear] as if they had been looking at the tricks of the Wizard of the North, and expected that the Queen would come and go as suddenly as clouds form a pack.

At twenty minutes past three, the Queen accompanied by Prince Albert arrived at Strood terminus. They were received by the directors of the Company, and the Earl of Dartmouth, the Mayor of Rochester (Alderman Clements), Colonel Eden, Colonel Jarvis, and many others, who were arrayed in all the dignity of military costume and civic magnificence. Several ladies, who by entreaties, coaxings, and threats had managed to gain admittance to the platform, commenced waving their small handkerchiefs, throwing out to the winds the rich perfumes with which the emblazon had been baptised. One or two of the more enthusiastic dames attempted to fire off a feeble salute of shrill "hurrahs!" but this patriotic movement in F sharp, was speedily checked by the sedate mamas in attendance.

As the royal carriages drove through Rochester on their way to Fort Pitt, they had to pass through a multitude of loyal subjects, who covered up the pavements, and hung out of windows, and clustered on house-tops. The shouting accompanied them all the way, causing serious damage to the brim of the Prince's hat by the constant bowings it occasioned. We should consider that her Majesty—taking into consideration the vehemence of the cheering—felt much pleasure at the satisfactory condition of the lungs of her Kentish subjects.

Fort Pitt is a fortress which has been turned into an hospital. It is situated on a high hill which overlooks the town. Where the paths have been worn into the grass the white chalky soil is shown through. We do not know enough of the science of fortification to give any opinion of the military excellencies of the building. The walls are low and thick, and solid as though they were stacks of bricks; indeed, were it not for the windows that have lately been made in the sides, it would be difficult to imagine that the pile was inhabited. All is silent, frowning, and solemn. At the furthest casement a lark cage is hung out, but the singing of the bird seems almost as much out of place as whistling in a cathedral. Two of the windows have curtains hanging up, as if the rooms were inhabited by officers; but far from giving a look of comfort, they strike you as being strange and unnatural; you almost feel inclined to look upon them as an Indian in his woods does upon a column of smoke, merely as an evidence that the place contains human beings. These stacks of bricks are roofed with turf, the long weeds hanging over the parapet, as though they were looking into the deep moat below.

The view around is beautiful and extensive. The fields towards Newington and Rainham rise up from the valley beneath, level and green as a lawn. Sometimes a cluster of trees, half hiding a white cottage, dots the landscape, and the corn-fields seem no larger than the yellow stains on a green baize table-cloth. We never before saw so many windmills as are congregated on those hills. As you turn round, you can count sixteen of them, placed like telegraph towers in France, on the highest points, and working their sails as if they were conveying a Government message. Some hundred feet below you lies the town, the red tiles forming a platform, so that it almost seems possible to walk along it from one end to the other. In the midst rise up the turrets of Rochester Cathedral, the other portions being hidden from the sight in the surrounding buildings, like an Egyptian temple buried in the sand. Far off stand, like a square block of stone, the whitish-brown walls of Rochester Castle, with the blue sky showing through some of the openings in its sides, as if the old building had worn holes in its gray coat of stone.

Through this landscape flows the Medway, its waters forced into a semi-circle by a piece of land called the "Marsh," where the verdure is always bright from the continued moisture. Little steamers plough up and down the river with a feather of steam waving from their funnels, and an old man-of-war, lying on its sides, as if resting itself, is anchored off Chatham Dockyard, the two rows of white patches between the portholes on its sides looking like teeth. Close to the water's-edge are the round roofs of the Dockyard, ship-building sheds patched with glass lights, as the hooped tent of a gipsy is patched with new pieces of cloth. The long red pile of buildings, with windows no larger than ink-spots on blotting paper, are the Government stores. With glass you could distinguish the cranes on the top storey, but now they only look like white scratches. At the back of them is the town of Brompton, where there is another military hospital—the reason, perhaps, why the churchyard is so full of tombstones, white dots which at first we mistook for linen hung out to dry. Further off rises up a huge chalk cliff, whose side has been hollowed out for ballast. It stands up like an immense white wall. The masts of the vessels moored below it, form a haze as they cross and recross each other, and appear in the distance scarcely larger than pea-sticks. This locality, from the quantity of chalk and abundance of water, struck us as being a place designed by nature for a milkman's residence.

When once the visitor to Fort Pitt has passed the entrance gates, he is surprised to find himself in a garden laid out with flower-beds and shrubberies, and totally at variance with the sombre appearance of the outside. In the centre of a clump of lilac trees rises the thatched roof of a summer-house, and the mould on each side of the gravel walks is spotted over with patches of annuals and pinks in full bloom.

The Royal carriages drew up before the colonnade in front of the Hospital. The Queen was received by Dr. Dartnell, the principal medical officer, and, accompanied by Lord Hardinge and Colonel Eden, she entered the building. With much kindly forethought, her Majesty had determined on paying her first visits to the most unfortunate of the men—those who, from the serious nature of their wounds, were not allowed to leave their beds.

The first ward the Queen entered was that known as Ward No. 3. It is a long, broad room, as lofty as a chapel, with tall windows and white-washed walls. The first thing that struck you on entering was the wonderful cleanliness of the apartment, and next the order and method with which everything was arranged filled you with amazement. Not a chair, not a water-can, or a shoe-brush was out of its place; every article, however simple, had its appointed spot. The floor was washed until it was bright and yellow as satin-wood. The iron bedsteads, painted black, as if to contrast more violently with the spotless walls, were ranged down both sides. Most of the men were on the lawn, and before going they had rolled up their mattresses, and placed on them the blankets, sheets, and counterpanes they used. If each of these bundles had been made, foot-rule in hand, they could not have varied less in size. It seemed singular that the bed linen, instead of being marked with the name of the user, should have a large, broad arrow stamped in the corner.

In the centre of the room was a long, deal table, supported on iron legs. Bright cooking-tins were arranged over the fire-place; and above each bed-head was a deal board, on which the blacking-brushes and box of paste were kept,—placed there as tidily as plates on a tea-table.

In a bed, half way down, lay a form curled up under the counterpane. On the chair, by the side, was a white cup and a bottle of medicine. The

man's face was covered with red sores, which made his eyes appear white while he rolled them about watching the Queen. Next to him was one who lay stretched out on his back, the doctor having forced him to move lest he should rupture some lately-tied artery. His nose was untouched, but the jug of fever-drink was empty. The light coming in from the window at the back, cast long shadows from the high cheeck-bones, filling up the sunken cheeks with darkness. Her Majesty questioned them both; but the one had been rendered deaf by his malady, and the other was too weak to answer.

On a bed, at the end, sat a youth, who as he took off his nightcap, covered a head bound up with white rags. The top part of the head had a unnatural swelling, which destroyed the roundness, as though part of it had been cut off. He had, in fact, been wounded by the bursting of a shell, which had entirely taken away a portion of the skull, blowing away the bone—slicing it off, as it were. Her Majesty asked him several questions, and seemed to take great interest in the young patient. "You were wounded at Inkermann? poor fellow!" she said.—"Yes, your Majesty." "Do you feel yourself getting better?"—"Yes, your Majesty." "Will you write down your name for me, with the number of your regiment, and the place where you were wounded?"—"Yes, your Majesty." Indeed, the poor fellow was so nervous that, if the Queen had asked him whether he was quite well, we almost believe he would still have answered, "Yes, your Majesty." His name is Thomas Walker, of the 95th Regiment.

Another man, named Herbert Wearing, also of the 95th Regiment, was particularly noted by her Majesty and the Prince. He was wounded by a gun shot, which entered his left shoulder, and passed downward into the side. He also received a sword cut. The Queen spoke very familiarly to him, asking whether he still suffered much pain, and inquired into the manner in which he received his wound.

After visiting the poor fellows in the wards, her Majesty proceeded to the Pitt gardens to inspect those of the wounded who were able to leave their beds.

These men were arranged on the principal lawn, seated on two rows of benches. At the back of them was a large mound battery, the top of which was crowded with those happy ladies, who, out of the 1000 who refused admission, had been permitted to view the ceremony. All around were plantations of evergreens, that appeared to hedge in the spot to give it an air of privacy. Just before the Queen arrived, we heard a boy make a remark, which is well worthy of being printed. A laurel-tree had been stripped of its foliage by the bleak winds, and to make the loss spring out again, several of its branches had been taken off. This boy, pointing to a man whose leg had been amputated, said, "Poor fellow! he, too, had to lose a limb before his laurel leaves would grow!" In the centre of this lawn is a kind of arbour—a thatched roof on a centre post, resembling a huge mushroom, or Robinson Crusoe's umbrella stuck into the ground.

And now we come to the men themselves. Never before have we witnessed such a strange and interesting assembly. There sat the 200 veterans, each one of whom had felt death within him. Not one of them but had lain upon the battle-field, senseless and cold as a corpse, with only just enough breath in the body to prevent the eye from glazing, or the jaw from dropping. They were all dressed in the hospital uniform—their long ragged hair hanging about their faces as if to hide the sunken cheeks.

Each man was dressed in a blue coat, reaching down to the heels, and wore loose blue trousers and a blue nightcap. This colour, merely varied by the white bone buttons, seemed to make their countenances appear even more pale. The eyes shone as those of sick men do—as though there was a light behind them. Some wore the beards they had grown in the camp—long tangled masses of hair, of which they seemed as proud as if it had been a flag. Many wore the knitted comforters that, on a previous visit, had been presented to them by ladies belonging to the Court.

One had lost a leg at Balaclava, and the empty trouser was rolled up close to the stump, while the wooden crutches, his future companions in life, rested beside him. Another had lost an arm at Inkermann, and the flat sleeve dangled like a ribbon from his coat, giving him a one-sided look. Another held his hand pressed against his side, where the wound, received at the Alma, was slowly healing. There were two who had suffered from frost bites, caused by long duty in the trenches. Their feet appeared to have been eaten off by the disease, leaving merely clumps, like hoofs, at the end of the legs. They had been carried out by their companions, and sat in their places holding out their legs, so that the injured feet should not touch the ground.

When her Majesty appeared upon the lawn, all the men rose from their seats—some with the help of their crutches, others by raising themselves with their hands from the form. Each one had a card containing the particulars of his name, age, corps, when wounded, and the nature of his wounds. Her Majesty passed before the front of one line, and down the other, inspecting each man, and speaking kindly and consolingly to those who seemed to have suffered most. She conversed for some time with a tall handsome man—Private Robert Evans, of the 13th Light Dragoons—whose leg had been amputated after the fatal cavalry charge at Balaclava.

After leaving Fort Pitt, the Royal party proceeded to the supplementary hospital, Brompton Barracks. Whilst there her Majesty gave a most striking proof not only of her quick perception, but of her deep interest in the objects of her visit. The Queen, after the inspection of the patients, was walking on the balcony in front of the barracks, when, on looking down some 20 feet, she observed one or two wounded men walking leisurely below. She immediately observed to the commandant, Colonel Eden, "There is a man I have not seen; there is another, and there is a third." So firm was the impression of the commandant that her Majesty had seen them, that he said, "Please your Majesty, I think, indeed, you have." Her Majesty replied, "No, I certainly have not." Colonel Eden immediately asked the men if they were not paraded before her Majesty? They replied, "No, sir." The Colonel then asked why they were not there? "Because, sir, we have this afternoon arrived from the East, and received no orders." Her Majesty thereupon observed, "I thought I had not seen them." These fresh arrivals were immediately paraded for the royal inspection.

#### Foreign Intelligence.

##### FRANCE.

THE Empress of the French leaves Paris for the Pyrenees, where she purposes remaining a month.

It is affirmed, in political circles, that the Czar is almost as correctly informed of all that occurs in Paris, and at the seaports, as if he were residing in the capital of France. It is said that there is living in Paris a Russian prince, who, after having been educated with the present Czar, was, on account of being implicated, with two or three brothers, in the earlier conspiracies against the Emperor Nicholas, exiled to Siberia. It appears that this individual has continued, during their separation, to maintain terms of intimacy with Alexander II., and that he now, by means of letters sent through Denmark and Sweden, transacts to the Court of St. Petersburg the most minute and faithful intelligence of everything of interest that comes under his notice. His movements, however, have for some time been closely watched; and doubtless every precaution will be adopted against this system of Russian espionage.

##### SPAIN.

LOD HOWDEN, the English Ambassador, left Madrid on the 21st inst. In his absence the affairs of the embassy will be conducted by Mr. Otway, his first secretary. The Carlist insurrection, after being suppressed in Navarre, Aragon, and Catalonia, has broken out in Galicia. However, the Carlist cause does not seem, in any degree, to enlist the sympathies of the Spanish people. The Duke de Castrerreno, the oldest general in the Spanish army, perhaps the oldest in Europe, has just died.

## ILLUSTRATED TIMES.

## PRUSSIA.

The King of Prussia continues to keep his room, though it is stated that his health daily improves. Frederic William, the young Prince of Prussia, is making a tour in East Prussia, and is everywhere received with affection and devotion. The Prince is 25 years of age, manly and prepossessing in appearance, affable and courteous in manner, and he is regarded with much hope by the country. His Royal Highness arrived at Dantzig on the evening of the 21st. In honour of his visit, the merchants of Dantzig, who are second to none in loyalty, arranged a magnificent subscription half for next evening, which the Prince graced.

## AUSTRIA.

An impression, right or wrong, prevails, that the Czar and the Emperor of Austria will meet on the Gallican frontier. The cholera has been very violent at Pesth.

## ITALY.

A letter from Palermo declares that it is in contemplation to establish in Italy a confederation similar to that existing in Germany, and comprising Naples, Modena, Parma, Tuscany, and Austria, for Lombardy. The Presidency would devolve alternately on Naples and Austria. Each of the signatory States would have to furnish a military contingent, and to engage to submit to the resolutions of the Confederation. The object of the league would be to maintain tranquillity at home and independence abroad.

## SARDINIA.

GEOA is again the scene of activity, in shipping men for the Crimea. Four large steamers and eight sailing vessels have recently arrived from Balaklava. The squadron of cavalry in garrison is under orders for embarkation, and also a strong division of the transport corps. Another company of Sappers and Miners will be sent to the seat of war shortly.

## TURKEY.

The advices, brought by the *Courier*, state that the Turkish Contingent for the English army is nearly complete. There were already in Constantinople and the environs about 10,000 men, almost all old soldiers of the regular Turkish army. The administration of the corps was almost organised, and considerable purchases of supplies for its use had been made. It was to be encamped at Kilia or Domus-dere, on the Bosphorus.

## The War.

## THE KERTCH EXPEDITION.

## THE SACKING OF THE TOWN.

WHEN the Russian army, numbering some 2,500 men, abandoned Kertch on our landing at Ambalaki, on Friday, May 25, a large caravan of the inhabitants, with such property as they could collect in their trepidation, moved out after the soldiery, and proceeded to Mekschelki, in the Bay of Kasantip, leaving behind them their houses full of furniture and such cumbersome articles as they were unable to move. The Tartars, the Jews, and a few of the poorer Russians remained behind, but the nobles and Government *employés*, with few exceptions, fled precipitately. When the Allies entered Kertch the following morning the population made their submission, and offered bread and salt to the conquerors, in accordance with the Russian custom, and they were assured that they would be protected, and that their lives and property should be spared. The troops marched on to Yenikale, leaving behind them a few sailors and soldiers to guard Kertch, and to destroy the Government manufactories and a private establishment for making Minie balls and cartridges. In the afternoon of the day on which we occupied Yenikale, the crews of some merchant ships from Ambalaki landed and began to break into three or four houses which had been closed and fastened up, and to pillage the contents. As they could not remove the heavy furniture, they smashed it to atoms. Towards evening Turkish stragglers from the camp, and others who had fallen out of the line of march, flocked into the town, and perpetrated the most atrocious crimes. To pillage and wanton devastation they added violation and murder. The Tartars who were in the town hailed the arrival of the Osmanli with delight, and received them as liberators, and as brethren to whom they were bound by the ties of religion, of language, and of hatred to the Russians. They led the few Turks from house to house, pointed out, as victims to their cupidity and lust, those who had made themselves obnoxious to their ignorance or fanaticism, and gratified their ancient grudges to the Russian tradespeople and merchants. The French patrols succeeded to some extent in preserving order, but not till they had killed and wounded several Turks and Tartars. One miscreant was shot as he came down the street in triumph waving a sword wet with the blood of a poor child whom he had hacked to pieces. Others were slain in the very act of committing horrible outrages. Some were borne off wounded to the prison or the hospital, and at last respect for life was established by its destruction.

## THE MUSEUM.

It is impossible to convey an idea of the scene within this place. The museum, or whatever it was, consisted of a single large room, with glass cases along the walls and niches for statuary, and rows of stands parallel to them, which once held the smaller antiquities. At the end opposite the door, a large ledge, about 30 feet from the ground, ran from side to side, and supported a great number of cinerary urns, most probably dug out of the tumuli which abound in the neighbourhood. The floor of the museum is covered for several inches in depth with the *débris* of broken glass, of vases, urns, statuary, the precious dust of their contents, and charred bits of wood and bone, mingled with the fresh splinters of the shelves, desks, and cases in which they had been preserved. Not a single bit of anything that could be broken or burnt any smaller had been exempt from reduction by hammer or fire. The cases and shelves had been torn from the walls; the glass was smashed to atoms, the statues pounded to pieces: it was not possible to do more than guess at what they had once contained. On ascending to the ledge on which the cinerary urns had been placed, the ruin was nearly as complete. A large dog lay crouching in fear among the remnants of the vases, and howled dismally at the footsteps of a stranger. The burnt bones which the vases contained were scattered about, mixed with dust and ashes, on the floor, and there was scarcely an urn or earthenware vessel of any kind unbroken.

## THE GOVERNOR'S MANSION LAID WASTE.

This was a large and fine building in the French style, on the Quay, but it has suffered severely, and not a single article of furniture in it remains intact. The floors of the saloons are covered with fine fragments of costly mirrors. The locks, of solid brass, the hinges, and the window fastenings of the same material, are broken off or destroyed—not a single window is left entire in the whole mansion. Legs of sofas, chairs, tables, bits of bureaux, library shelves, cushions of ottomans and fauteuils ripped up, and the gilt leather and *damask* covering torn into shreds, lie in litter, mixed with the flecks and feathers of beds and pillows over the house; and state papers, documents connected with the government of the province, passports, &c., are scattered about for an inch deep in some parts of the building. Empty bottles in all the rooms show that the rioters discovered the wine-cellars early enough, and the discovery no doubt contributed to their fury and destructiveness. The kitchens, full of household utensils, the pantries, servants' rooms, and offices had shared the same fate as the rest of the establishment; picture frames, from which the canvas or paper had been removed, also were found in all directions, and afforded additional proofs of the comfort and luxury of the proprietors.

## CURIOSITIES.

Some of the papers picked up were rather curious. One was a "lottery ticket for the benefit of the wounded soldiers in the Crimea," and it appeared by another paper that a performance had been recently given at the Kertch Theatre for the same object. Another was an order to the chief priest, directing him to swear allegiance to the new Emperor certain Government officials; another was a letter to Prince Galitzin from Prince Gagarin, informing him that he had obtained leave of absence for him from the Emperor, but that he was to meet his Majesty at Moscow; another was a kind of *procès-verbal* relating to an indemnity of a few roubles granted to the "imperial serf Schekvarin." Wherever the plunderers went

they tore up and threw all documents and papers about, and the archives of Kertch will be in a very unsatisfactory condition to the Russian authorities for some time to come. The amount of *curious* documents and papers in the house of the Chief of the Staff was astonishing, and the order and method with which they had been arranged, and the neatness with which they were kept, showed the exactness and carefulness of the Russian Government. The registry of vessels entering or passing by Kertch was exceedingly minute and copious, and the notes against some of the names was a proof of the surveillance exercised, in peace as in war, by Russia on all her neighbours.

## A NOVEL MACHINE.

An inferior machine of curious construction attracted a great deal of attention. Like most devices of the kind, it had failed to be of the slightest service. It consisted of six vessels of wood, shaped like two cones, placed base to base, each 2½ feet long by 1½ feet in diameter at the base, and of several similar vessels of a conical form, and of equal dimensions, loaded to float with the apex downwards, the base being provided with a cover, to fall on a prepared *fuse* and ignite the charge upon contact with any floating object. These vessels were attached to each other by wires, and when placed in the water would look like a line of buoys; but the wires were carried to the poles of a galvanic battery within the Russian magazine on shore, and there is no doubt but that, had there been no failure, had we given the enemy proper knightly warning of our approach, and had we gone in shore in proper order, sent our ships exactly against the line of the machines, and had the battery not missed fire, there is no doubt that then the machine might have occasioned some inconvenience and damage to our vessels.

## DESTRUCTION OF STORES AND AMMUNITION.

On Friday night the work of destroying Russian stores began, and the French hurled over several guns into the sea, tore up the platforms, and exploded the shells found in the magazines. The enemy had been pushed to such straits to put the place in a state of defence that they had armed very small vessels with large guns, which would have knocked them to pieces by their recoil. In one light *transport* there was an armament of eight heavy guns. The corn which the enemy intended to destroy by pouring lime-water over it is still fit for use. Parties of boats have been sent in all directions to secure and burn prizes, and to seize the Russian storehouses and huts on the sandbanks, and by day the sky is streaked with lines of smoke, and by night the air is illuminated by the blaze of forts, houses, magazines, and vessels aground on all the flats for miles around us. The magazines of Kertch are still blazing, the Englishman's manufactory is in ruins, and the other Government stores will soon follow.

## SIGNS OF VICTORY.

The Austrian flag floated before one house, probably that of the Imperial Consul; but the more significant standards of France and England were waving at either end of the quay, and fluttered from numerous boats glancing over the water. Explosions now and then shook the air from distant parts of the town, where the Government buildings were in course of being levelled. The quays were guarded by a few sailors with drawn cutlasses stationed here and there, and with difficulty holding their own against refractory merchantmen. In every direction, wherever the eye turned, up or down the streets, men could be seen harrying away with bundles under their arms, with furniture on their backs, or staggering under the influence of drink and bedding down to the line of boats which were lying at the sea-wall, laden to the thwarts with plunder. This kind of work is called by sailors "looting," from our Indian reminiscences. The fate of nearly every house of good condition was soon apparent.

## TARTARS.

There were plenty of Tartars in the streets, dressed in black sheepskin cap or white turban, with handsome jackets and wide breeches of dark silk or fine stuff, and gaudy sashes round their waists. These fellows are of the true Cidomuk type—with bullet head, forehead villainously low, dark piggish, roguish, twinkling eyes, obtuse obtuse noses, straight lips, and globular chin. Unlike most people, they improve in looks as they grow old, for their beards, which only attain amplitude in age, then give a grizzly dignity and patriarchal air to their faces.

## A MOTLEY GROUP.

Groups of men, in long dark frock-coats, long waistcoats, trousers tucked into their boots, or falling over slip-shod feet, sat on the door-steps, in aspect and attire the very image of a congregation of seedy *Tusevites*, if such a thing could be imagined. Most of these men wore caps instead of hats, their clothing was of sober snuff hues, to match their faces, which were sombre and dirty and sallow. Their looks were dejected and miserable, and as an Englishman or a Frenchman came near they made haste to rise and to salute his Mightiness with uncovered head and obsequious nodding and gesticulations. These were the remnants of the Russian population, but there were among them Jews, who might have stepped on any stage amid rounds of applause, in garb, and face, and aspect, so truly Shylock-like were they, cringing, wily, and spiteful, as though they had just been kicked across the Rialto; and there was also a sprinkling of Armenians and Greeks; they were all lean and unhappy alike, and very sorry specimens of Muscovite *lazygossie*. Tartar women, scantly covered, were washing clothes in the sea, like tamed *Hecates*—withered, angular, squalid, and ugly in face and form. The Russian *lair*, not much more tastily clad, might be seen flitting about with an air of awkward coquetry, mingled with apprehension and dislike of the intruders, their heads covered with shawls, and their bodies with bright Manchester patterns. The boys, like boys all over the world, were merry and mischievous. They hung out of the rigging of the vessels near, pealed the street dogs, "chivied" the cats and pigeons, and rioted in the gutted houses and amid the open store-houses, in the highest possible spirits, or fed ravenously on dried fish and "goodies" of various kinds, which they picked up in old drawers and boxes in the houses torn open by the "looters."

## KERTCH HOSPITAL AND INMATES.

The hospital is a large, well-built, clean, and excellently ventilated building. It is situated at the outskirts of the town, and is surrounded by iron railings, inside which there is a plantation which furnishes a pleasant shade from the noonday sun to the convalescents. As we entered, some women, who were standing at the gate, retreated, and an old man with a clear good eye, and an honest soldierly air, came forward to meet us with the word "Hospital," which he had learned as a kind of safeguard and protection against intrusion. He led the way into a dark corridor on the ground floor, on the walls of which the regulations of the establishment (in Russian) were suspended. The wards opened on each side of the corridor. The old man invited us to enter the first: it was spacious and airy, but the hospital smell of wounded men was there. Five wounded Russians and one drunken Englishman were the occupants of the chamber. Two of the Russians had been blown up when the magazines exploded. Their hands and heads were covered with linen bandages, through which holes were cut for the eyes and mouth. What could be seen of these poor wretches gave a horrible impression of their injuries and of the pain which they were enduring, but they gave no outward indication of their sufferings. Their scorched eyes rolled heavily upon the visitors with a kind of listless curiosity.

## THE HARDSHIPS OF WAR.

The march from Ambalaki to Yenikale was most distressing. The heat of the day was overpowering, and water was scanty and bad. Of 564 Marriages who landed from the fleet four-fifths fell out on the march, the men of that gallant corps not being accustomed to such exertions, and not more than 100 of them arrived with the regimental staff at Yenikale. The Highlanders fell out in great numbers also, and the tailing off was extraordinary. The rear was covered with stragglers for several miles, and an active and daring enemy, with good cavalry, could have inflicted the most serious losses upon us. When the men did arrive, it was found that the teams had not arrived, and the soldiers were exposed to the blaze of the sun, aggravated by the scarcity of proper water and by salt meat. The officers' baggage was left behind at Ambalaki, and many of them had to lie in their clothes on the ground in a season when night dews are heavy and dangerous. The men had their blankets; the officers had nothing. The reason assigned for this is, that the arrangements of the Land Transport Corps, under Major Evans, were interfered with by the Quartermaster-General's Department, and that horses and baggage animals

designed for the transport of other articles were taken from that duty, and used for other purposes.

RAPID PROMOTION IN THE RANKS.—Considerable interest has been excited in Exeter by the meritorious conduct and rapid promotion of a young man well known in the city, who, about seven months ago, in a fit of military ardour, enlisted as a private in the Scots Greys. Owing to his application and attention, he was quickly released from drill in the sword and horse exercise, and in a short time was made a lance corporal. Having received the next step in promotion, he had a troop entrusted to his care on the occasion of her Majesty presenting the medals to the heroes of Alma and Inkermann; and his conduct generally has given such satisfaction, that he is appointed paymaster-sergeant, and is about to proceed to the Crimea on the staff.

## GENERAL CANROBERT.

The name of Canrobert is now indissolubly associated, in the minds of the people of England, with a great military expedition, the history of which comprises most brilliant feats of arms, and sufferings all but intolerable. Assuming the command of the French army, when the hero and conqueror of the Alma was yielding to the Great Destroyer,—when a splendid achievement by the allied forces on Crimœus soil had raised our expectations of success to the highest pitch,—his position was in reality, encompassed with extraordinary difficulties. The capture of Sebastopol by a *coup d'état* was no longer to be hoped for; and he occupied the inevitable post of commanding a large portion of an army about to be exposed to all those horrors, of which the *évidences* taken before the Sebastopol Committee enables us to form too accurate a conception. Whatever may be thought of this celebrated man's conduct, when recently entrusted with such high functions, a sketch of his remarkable career will show that he was no trifle "carpet knight," but a thorough soldier, who had fought his way manfully, patiently, and perseveringly upwards, step by step, to fame and fortune.

François-Certain de Canrobert derives his origin from a good family in Brittany, and possesses in that province a small patrimonial estate. He first saw the light in the year 1809; and in 1826 he was entered at the military school of St. Cyr. At that Institution he had the good fortune to distinguish himself; and he was soon made sub-lieutenant of the 47th Regiment of the line. In 1832, the young and adventurous officer was promoted to the rank of lieutenant; and in 1835, having embarked for Africa, and taken part in the expedition to Mysore, he was, for his services in the provinces of Oran, rewarded with a captaincy. Canrobert, ever brave and enthusiastic, was by the side of Colonel Courchesne in the breach, at the assault on Constantine, and after seeing that officer fall mortally wounded, himself received a wound in the leg. About this period of his career, the decoration of the Legion of Honour was bestowed upon him, as the reward of his gallant bravery; and when, in 1839, the French Government resolved upon the formation, into a corps, of the disbanded and fugitive Spaniards who had been fighting under the banner of Don Carlos, Canrobert was summoned home, and commissioned to undertake their organisation.

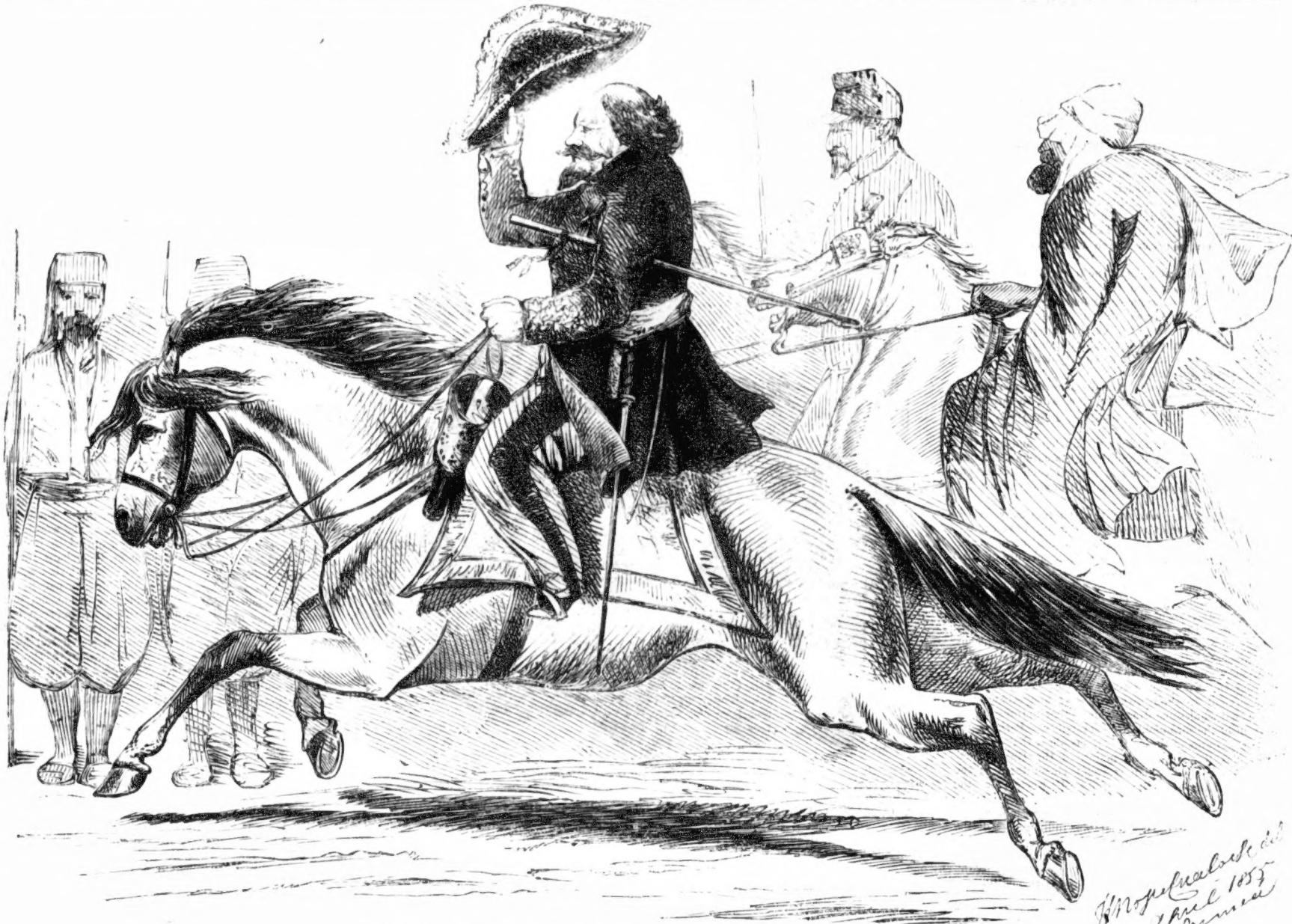
After signalising his martial courage and military skill in many a severe encounter with the Arabs, Canrobert, in 1842, obtained the rank of colonel of the 5th Battalion of Chasseurs, and becoming, in 1846, lieutenant-colonel, he commanded the 6th Regiment of the Line when it was charged to act against the formidable *Boo Maza*. He, moreover, obtained very important successes over the tribes of the Lower Dhar, especially, displaying his valour and prowess at the action of Sidi Kalifa, and, in 1847, he was appointed colonel of the 3rd Regiment of Light Infantry.

Entrusted in the year 1848 with the command of the expedition against Ahmed-Sghir, who had raised the tribes of the Boudoua to insurrection, Canrobert pushed forward as far as the pass of Djerma, signally defeating the Arabs, made two Sheiks his prisoners, and then returned in triumph to Badaia. After this achievement, he left the 3rd Regiment, and, taking command of the Zouaves, marched at their head against the Kabyles, and was again victorious. Promoted to the rank of General of Brigade in 1850, he commanded an expedition against Narah, where the Arabs fortified themselves in villages built on rocky eminences, accessible only by pathways overhanging frightful precipices. Their position appeared impregnable; they seized every opportunity of descending from their fastnesses, to harass the French troops, and then returned to what they deemed their secure retreat. Canrobert was well qualified by experience to deal with foes in such circumstances. He advanced three columns to attack the enemy, and combined their fire with so much skill, that, in seven hours, the strong-hold of the Arabs was utterly destroyed.

When Prince Louis Napoleon was elected to the dignity of *Président* of the French Republic, desirous of attaching to his fortunes those great soldiers of France, known as the "African Generals," he appointed Canrobert one of his aides-de-camp; and after the success of the *coup d'état*, in 1851, had given him absolute power, he commissioned Canrobert, with very extensive powers, to visit the state prisons, and select objects for the Imperial clemency. In January, 1853, Canrobert was nominated general of division. Four months afterwards he was appointed to the command of a division of the camp at Heliopolis; and, on the formation of the army destined for the East, he received the command of the First Division.

In the battle of the Ahar, where Marshal St. Arnaud commanded in chief, and where the post of honour was assigned by the veteran chief to General Bosquet, the troops under Canrobert played an honourable part, and their courageous leader was wounded by the splinter of a shell, which struck him on the breast and hand. Six days after the glorious victory, St. Arnaud, feeling that "death would not wait till he had finally conquered," resolved upon resigning the command. With this view, he summoned to his dying couch the generals of division and brigade, and made an effort to address them in his wonted accents, but feebleness prevented him from accomplishing his desire, and he could only muster voice to say, that he should not be departing from the wishes of the Emperor, in assigning the command to the general who appeared to have been designated by the unanimous voice of the army. "I have," he said, "selected Canrobert to replace me, pending the confirmation of the appointment by his Majesty." He then raised his hand, and made a sign to General Martiniéprey, who thereupon advanced to Canrobert, and offered him a paper containing his provisional commission. Instead, however, of accepting the document thus tendered, General Canrobert drew from his pocket a letter bearing the arms of the Emperor of the French. The expiring warrior opened his eyes, and stared with surprise, but uttered no word to indicate his feelings. He merely murmured, in faint accents, "It is well!"

On assuming his new and most important command, General Canrobert was responsible only in a secondary degree, for the conduct of affairs before Sebastopol.—Lord Raglan, as his senior officer, having precedence in council. He was a decided favourite both with the French and English soldiers, who were naturally inspired with admiration at his blitheness, activity, and enthusiasm in battle. At Inkermann, he was in the thickest of the conflict; and while heading an impetuous charge of the Zouaves, he was slightly wounded, and had his horse killed under him. It must be admitted, however, even by very ardent admirers, that his career as commander of the French forces in the Crimea, damaged, to some extent, the reputation he had won by his campaigns in Africa, and that he practised a cautious prudence, little in keeping with the character he had long before acquired for bold attempts and heroic ventures. But this eye and his thoughts were constantly directed to all parts of the suffering camp; and his superior military knowledge furnished the English army with assistance, which, with all her resources, Great Britain could not then supply to her perishing troops; and the hearts of the soldiers of England were turned towards him as their preserver from the more terrible disasters. It is stated that, feeling, as a man of his intellect and antecedents well might, the necessity for a new and vigorous plan of action, General Canrobert continually impressed his opinions to that effect upon Lord Raglan; but failing, after repeated efforts, in inducing the English General to concur in his views, he was so disheartened as suddenly to send a telegraphic despatch to the Emperor requesting to be superseded. The announcement that he had resigned his command on the plea "ill-health, took everybody by surprise; and it seemed the more unintelligent, when he consented



GENERAL CANROBERT.—(A SKETCH FROM LIFE, BY CAPTAIN CREALOCK, 30TH LIGHT INFANTRY.)

to hold a subordinate part under his energetic successor, General Pelissier. It is said that he was offered, by the Emperor, a high command in Africa; but he replied that he would rather remain with the army in the Crimea, even if, in doing so, he wore the uniform of a private.

In an Imperial decree, published in January last, by which the military medal was conferred on General Canrobert, it is stated, that he counts

twenty-eight years' service, seventeen campaigns, and three wounds, two of the latter having been received in the Crimea. Few military adventurers have had a more successful and distinguished career. People may and do differ respecting the General's ability to have conducted to a triumphant conclusion, the mighty enterprise in which he has borne so prominent a part; but no one with opportunities of knowing, and the

capacity to form an opinion, can do otherwise than acknowledge, that on the field of battle, when sabres were flashing, and guns roaring, and plebeian and patrician blood flowing, like water in the same stream, his courage, his gallantry, his presence of mind, and his fearlessness of heart, have been worthy of high praise, and of the renown which, by brave deeds on other shores, he had won among the soldiers of the age.



SIR COLIN CAMPBELL'S HIGHLANDERS MARCHING INTO KERTCH.—(FROM A SKETCH BY JULIAN PORTCH.)

## OUR ENEMIES, THE COSSACKS.

GENERAL ANDRIJANON, acting substitute of the Hetman of the Don Cossacks, has just issued a proclamation addressed to the inhabitants of the banks of the Don, calling upon them to take up arms in defence of their threatened territory. In this highly characteristic address, the following significant passages are to be found:—

"Dear Comrades.—The bitter enemies of our beloved country, after collecting an immense force in the Straits of Kertch, have taken possession of our fortifications there, pushed into the Sea of Azof, and threaten to ravage our coasts.

"Your acting Hetman called on you last year for your assistance in repelling the invaders. The time is now come to show the enemy the invincibility of your arms. Collect, then, friends, with all despatch, from the furthest stations of the province, and hasten to Nowo Tscherkask, from whence, united in one corps, you can march to the defence of the threatened coast.

"You, venerable old men, once the terror of the French and Turks, place yourselves at the head of your children, and lead them to the courageous defence of your native country. Was it ever known that a foreign enemy triumphed over Russia? No. Let us then prepare to meet him in a manner worthy of the approbation of the Emperor, and thereby give our fellow-countrymen an example of our bravery and self-denial.

"Take with you, my friends, as many arms and provisions as possible. On your arrival here, you will be provided with ammunition, and find us ready to join your brave corps."

Some short instructions are then given when and how the columns are to form and march, and the proclamation concludes with the words, "hasten hither, friends; hasten to take up arms for the defence of your country and the glory of our beloved Czar."

These Don Cossacks, who are thus energetically urged to chase away the invaders of their sacred soil, have the reputation of being the most compound race in the universe. By one traveller they are set down as a mixture of Circassians, Malo-Russians, Russians, Tartars, Greeks, Poles, Turks, Calmucks, and Armenians—a conglomeration almost too extravagant to be true. The Russian Government, for some purpose of its own, attributes to the Don Cossacks a character for extreme bravery, which those who have witnessed their contests with the Circassians are by no means disposed to accord them. This proceeding on the part of the Russians is supposed to have a double design, first of all by flattering the vanity of a discontented race, to render it more subservient to their own purposes; and, secondly, to encourage that wholesome dread which other nations appear to entertain of the formidable Cossack tribes. Perhaps one of the best accounts of these strange people is that gathered from the lips of a Cossack major, in the Russian service, whom a lively German traveller encountered at the Island of Taman, near the Straits of Kertch, in the Black Sea. He tells us that, one day, as he was standing wrapped up in his "burka," on the sea-shore, looking towards the Crimean coast, tolerably indifferent to the cool shower that was falling on him, he was accosted, in good French, by a Cossack officer, whose neck was adorned by the order of St. Anne of the Second Class. Delighted at being able to converse with any one in a familiar idiom, our traveller, Herr Wagner, returned the courteous greeting

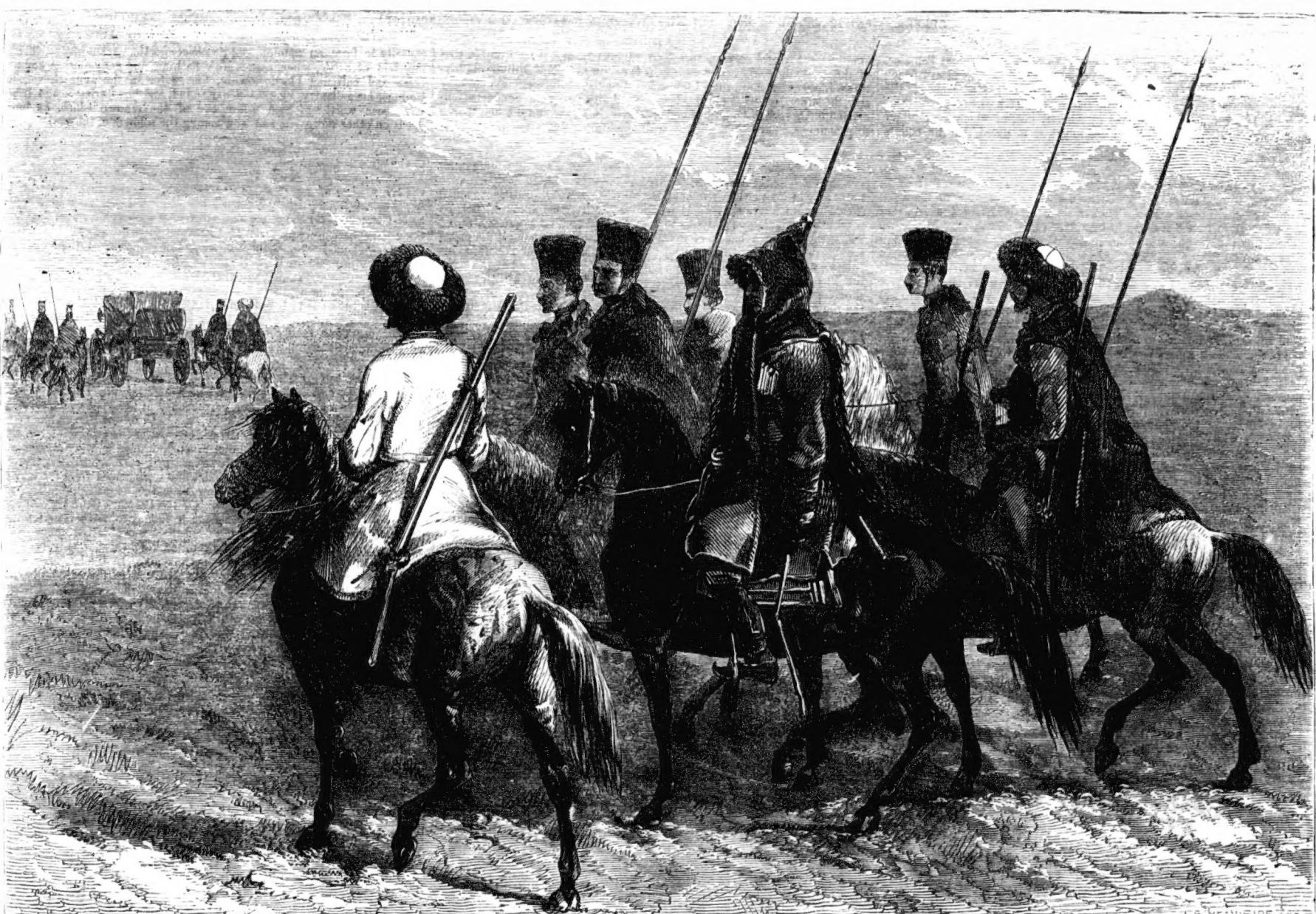


A COSSACK OFFICER AND HIS DAUGHTER.—(FROM A DRAWING BY PRINCE GAGARIN.)

of the stranger, whose physiognomy and uniform at once showed he was no Cossack of the Black Sea, but a Cossack of the Don; and, therefore, himself half a foreigner in the place. After listening to Herr Wagner's account of his involuntary detention at Tanagoria, the Cossack replied that

there were three things in this world especially to be recommended: patience, a glass of steaming punch, and a comfortable chat by the fireside; and he forthwith invited Herr Wagner to share the two latter with him. On entering a somewhat smart-looking little stone house, he found a punch-bowl, of colossal dimensions, filled with the steaming beverage, simmering before the fire. The punch was delicious. "But you drink like a young lady," exclaimed the Cossack major on perceiving that Herr Wagner was rather backward in paying his respects to the fiery fluid, while he himself was emptying large glassfuls in long gulps. He asserted that such moderation was by no means Germanic, and that his guest must be one of the apostles from the good old customs of his fathers; a man who had a partiality for thin drinks, and was a disciple of that misguided individual—Father Matthew; concluding by a very emphatic, but in no way complimentary wish, regarding the destination to which the travels of the great advocate of temperance might speedily conduct him. Herr Wagner, however, remained firm, in spite of Cossack jokes, and resolutely persisted in retaining whatever faculties he possessed, for the purpose of finding his way back again, in the gloom of evening, to Tanagoria. But there was a fair amount of liquor consumed in spite of Herr Wagner's moderation. The moustached native of the banks of the Don had the huge punch-bowl filled three times, and drank, at least, three good quarters of the beverage himself. Still he was as sober as a judge. As we have already mentioned, the major had the Order of St. Anne, of the Second Class; and Herr Wagner states that if ever a punch, arrack, or schnaps Order be founded in Russia, his Cossack friend would certainly be the first on whom it would be conferred.

Our traveller, who had pretensions to scholarship himself, does not fail to tell us that the Cossack major had evidently only obtained a certain amount of education somewhat late in life, and that now and then a rather rough specimen of old Cossack manners would peep through the studied courtesy of the man of the world. The major's French, which he had first acquired in his campaigns, and afterwards perfected at St. Petersburg, was not free from a decided Slavonic accent. His love, too, for a cosy chat was as inexhaustible as his thirst for punch. He related innumerable episodes, sometimes comic and sometimes serious, of his campaigns, stated his impressions of Germany and France; pronounced his opinion on the different armies and their commanders; displayed, too, an acquaintance with certain particulars relating to the chief Russian Generals; and concluded with a finished sketch of the men and manners of his home on the banks of the Don, in days gone by, with a warm description of the deeds of his own grandfather. All military men engaged in Napoleon's campaigns have preserved most interesting recollections of those great events, but Herr Wagner assures us that never in his life did he meet with any one who possessed, to so great a degree as the Cossack major, the power of describing with warmth and freshness, what he had undergone, and what he had observed, as well as of imparting so much good sense and humour to his narrative. His foreign accent in speaking French, which, however, he spoke fluently, by no means diminished the charm of his conversation, and it was impossible to look without a feeling of pleasure at his jolly, manly face, overflowing with health. He was probably sixty years of age, to judge from his white



COSSACKS OF THE KOUBAN.—(FROM A DRAWING BY RAFFET.)

hair, but he could boast of an uncommon amount of vigour, despite sundry sabre-cuts and gun-shot wounds, among the effects of which was a stiff leg. The following is the history of Wassily Iguroff, as given by his grandson, the major, and for the record of which we are indebted to our vivacious German friend:—

If your travels ever lead you to my home on the Don, do not remain at Nowo Tscherkask, but proceed further south; above all thin out the steppes between the Don and Manytch, as well as the banks of the Sel. You will there find something of old Cossack manners, which are well worthy your notice; perhaps, too, you may yet meet with men who, in their stature and mode of life, will remind you of my grandfather, who was the true type of our Cossack heroes in former days. To the south of the Don, on the right bank, where the majority of our race at present dwells, everything is altered. Nowo Tscherkask would only offer you a picture of a state of things entirely changed and corrupted. It is the seat of a population that, in becoming more polished, has fallen away from the opinions and mode of life of its ancestors—a population to which I (here the Major gave a deep sigh and took a much deeper draught of the liquor), unfortunately, half and half belong. The enjoyments and vices of civilised nations have, for the last half century, taken root among us. Bankruptcy and embezzlement, gambling, champagne, and adultery, are now to be met with on the banks of the Don, just as they are on those of the Seine; while arts, science, and all the other enabling companions of civilisation, have not yet found their way to us. The farther that you go, however, from our capital, the deeper you penetrate into the interior of the broad steppes, the oftener, in the midst of the rude wilderness, will something of the spirit of our fathers be wafted towards you, and this you will find more pleasing than all the outward polish of manners which you will meet in Taganrog and Tscherkask. On the left bank of the Don you will meet with Cossack families who have settled down in solitary huts of straw and reeds, or, living during the fine season in tents, wander about in almost as nomadic a manner as their neighbours, the Calmucks. It is from them that my family is descended on my mother's side, my grandfather, Wassily Iguroff, the "Stiepa-Tschort," being one of the most remarkable men, perhaps, that was ever born in that wonderful region of steppes.

Our race on the Don was, as you well know, a free race; that is to say, slavery never existed among us. It is asserted that we Cossacks are cooked out of Selavonic, Circassian, and Tartar elements; and, to conclude from our language, it is very probable that Russian immigrants have furnished the principal portion of the aforesaid hash. It is, however, a remarkable fact, that, from the earliest times, our social condition has always been so entirely different from that of each of the races in question, that you cannot discover among us *moujiks*,<sup>\*</sup> as among the Russians and Poles; nor *Peschit* and *Tschofokots*,<sup>†</sup> as among the Circassians, nor any trace of the horrible Mongolians. The Cossacks beyond the Ukraine were, before the time of Peter the Great, a perfectly free race.<sup>‡</sup> The soil of their immeasurable empire of steppes was the common property, and belonged to all who felt inclined to till it, or as *Tscheredniks* and *Tchudschiliks*,<sup>§</sup> to gallop over the prairies after the wild steers and horses. Although, however, we did not recognise an hereditary nobility, properly so speaking, founded upon landed property, a state of complete social equality did not exist on the banks of the Don, even previous to the Russian domination; and certain families exercised, from the earliest period, a predominating influence in matters relating to the general weal and things concerning war or peace.

First among these influential families were the Iguroffs, my maternal ancestors. The high consideration they enjoyed did not rest upon patents of nobility or any other written documents, but simply on the strong hand with which the members of this race had always brandished their lances; on their impetuous courage in battle; on the multitude of their herds; on their numerous relationships; and the very considerable throng of stout warriors, composed of cousins and friends, who were accustomed to crowd round their standard on the occasion of every warlike expedition. The Iguroffs frequently waged war of their own accord, without previously consulting their hetman, or the Tartars of the Golden Horde, or the Nogais subject to the Crimean Khans. Whoever felt inclined for booty and a few Nogai's skulls, took part in these expeditions under the banner of the Iguroffs. Far and wide, on the banks of the Don and the Manytch, people believed that the god of war was especially partial to this family; and that any one engaging in a marauding incursion under their guidance, never returned with empty hands. The case was often very different, when an entire army, with the hetman at its head, set out and found the foe well prepared to receive them. But this is good fortune in war, which had smiled upon the Iguroffs so many years, suddenly took a fearful turn.

Rendered by their successes foolhardy, they continued to advance further and further into the Nogai's steppes, for the purpose of carrying off the herds of cattle. On one occasion, when the season was already far advanced, they ventured with their followers as far as Perekop. They obtained a large amount of plunder, but an immense multitude of Nogaians horsemen, twenty times their number, awaited their passage to the Don. The Cossacks' horses were fatigued and half-starved, for the immense masses of snow that had fallen had deprived them of the meagre pasture afforded by the steppe; while the horses of the Nogais appeared on the field of action fresh and strong. On this occasion, our long-necked steeds had no chance of distancing the quick Tartar horses in speed, and it was therefore necessary to decide the matter by cold iron—crooked sabres against pointed lances. The contest was confoundedly warm, but did not last long; for the great superiority of the enemy in numbers soon overcame our people. My grandfather Wassily was one of the first to fall; his hard skull had failed to stand against the still harder sabre of one of the Nogais. The sanquinary conflict terminated in a general massacre of all the Cossacks. Above a hundred horsemen, all bearing the name of Iguroff, here met their end, besides three times that number of friends and allies, who had joined them in this unfortunate expedition. My grandfather alone survived this catastrophe. With his skull half cleaved in twain, he lay on the snow-covered earth, under his horse, that was mortally wounded. While his fearfully exsanguined foes were examining the bodies of the fallen and cutting off their heads, for which the Khan at Bakshisarai always paid ready money, Wassily, who had recovered his senses, buried himself in the snow. He said that he owed his preservation entirely to his horse. The faithful beast lay for a time quietly snorting, while the long hair of his mane concealed his rider from the hawk-eyed Nogaians. After Wassily had covered himself up with snow, the dying horse rolled over the place, thus obliterating all traces of the person buried beneath; it then lay quite still and snorted for the last time. The Nogais took off the saddle and bridle, without remarking the horseman below, and quitted the battle-field with booty and Cossack heads.

My grandfather lay for a long time in a state of unconsciousness, under his covering of snow. The conflict had begun at break of day, and, when he again came to himself, the midnight moon was hanging over the steppe; the snow with which he had covered his head appeared to have stopped the hemorrhage occasioned by the wound, and to have had a beneficial effect on the latter. My grandfather felt merely a dull pain in his brain, but no bodily weakness, and, after binding his girdle round his wound, he emerged completely from under the snow. A fearful spectacle now awaited him; the bodies of the fallen—the corpses of his father, his brother, his cousins, and his friends, lay headless, and completely naked, thrown about the broad steppes. Wolves and jackals, who had been attracted thither, were revelling, in the moonlight, among the bodies. My grandfather scared away these beasts of prey with his terrible bass voice; he searched among the dead for his father's body, which he re-

\* Peasants in a state of serfdom.

† *Peschit* is the name given by the Circassians to their slaves. *Tschofokots* are emancipated slaves, but they are still obliged to occupy a position of servitude with their former masters, especially in their feuds; they are, in fact, the vassals of the Works or Circassian nobles.

‡ It has been satisfactorily proved that the banks of the Don were inhabited by Cossacks before Catherine transported thither a portion of the Ukraine Cossacks.

§ *Tscheredniks* is the name given in the southern parts of Russia to the drivers of horned cattle; *Tchudschiliks* is bestowed upon the persons who look after the horses, while *Tschubans* is the appellation reserved for the peaceful shepherds.

cognised by a scar on the hand, and buried it under the snow, to protect it from the fangs of the wolves. He then followed, while it was still night, the well-known way over the steppe. Most luckily he found a stray horse, which, after the fall of its rider, had escaped from the clutches of the Nogais, and, tormented by hunger, was now kicking up the snow with its hoofs. Our horses invariably recognise us by a peculiar whistle; in this instance the animal allowed itself to be easily caught, and, after a sharp night ride, carried my grandfather to the Don. But for this fortune to chance, Wassily would probably have perished, for walking was not exactly his strongest point, and the mounted Nogais would most certainly have captured the wandering pedestrian while still on the steppe.

The manner in which the men of the Don mourn is quite different from that pursued in Germany. There are not many sighs and tears, especially in the case of warriors who have met with the death of heroes upon the field of battle. We leave the task of lamentation to the women, and that of praying to the priest, and, when the body is let down into the grave, and each of us has thrown his handful of earth upon it, we meet our relations and friends; we drink, smoke, and chat, tell stories of the adventures of the deceased, and praise as much as possible his good qualities, his piety, his courage, and his feats of arms, and think that by so doing we honour the dead more than by weeping and reading masses. Such was the course, too, pursued by Wassily Iguroff, as, of the 400 who had set out, he alone returned home, and attended the sad tale. He inherited from his father and those relatives who had died childless, considerable property in herds, horses, gold and jewellery, as well as a good number of skins full of *Wodka*, a kind of drink highly esteemed among us from time immemorial, and at the period of which I am speaking still very dear. This great store of brandy was given away by Wassily for the general good at the funeral, at which thousands of guests from both sides of the Don were present, to hear out of his mouth an account of the defeat, and to show proper respect to his spirit-skins. While the Cossacks, assembled before the hut of our ancestor, were slaughtering and devouring lambs, and celebrating, after their own fashion, the memory of the fallen, Iguroff was lying upon his couch in suffering from fever. In three days, however, he had recovered so far as to be able to leave the hut and successfully compete in drinking with his friends outside. Suddenly, in the midst of the funeral feast, he raised his powerful voice, and called upon those there assembled to avenge the race of heroes who had been slain. The Cossacks, no less inflamed by the warmth of his words than by the fiery contents of the *Wodka* skins, tore the pictures of the saints from their naked breasts, and, with fearful vows, swore that the massacre should be atoned for by blood. In the midst of a terrible snow storm, the horses were saddled, and thousands of lancers, breathing vengeance, dashed into the cold waters of the Don. My grandfather, swimming at their head, was the first to land on the left bank with a thundering hurrah! Like a pack of wolves, they all now rushed towards the country of the Nogais. Wassily's two eldest sons, though still little boys, were compelled to accompany the rest. Although as yet incapable of taking part in the contest, they could be spectators of the bloody vengeance about to be inflicted. After a hard and uninterrupted ride day and night, our people reached the Nogai encampment, in which were some of those who had been concerned in the massacre of the Iguroffs. Dey had not yet broke, and the Nogais lay buried in sleep. After a short resistance, they were all cut down, not even the child in his mother's womb being spared, and the bald heads, severed from the bodies, were stuck upon the points of the lances, amid the hurrahs of satisfied Cossack vengeance. After this, Wassily conducted the Cossacks to the spot where his party had met their death. Whatever the fangs of the wolves had spared was buried in the steppe. The corpse of my great-grandfather, which Wassily had hastily interred, was brought by the Cossacks to his native land, and finally buried on the banks of the Sel. The sorrow felt for the fallen was stayed, even among the women, when they heard of the revenge that had been taken, and beheld the bleeding heads of the Nogais. The funeral feast was resumed, and the rest of the Iguroffian brandy skins completely emptied.

This circumstance occurred in the first half of the last century. At that time my grandfather was still a very young man, although already celebrated as a martial hero, and distinguished for his gigantic stature, Herculean strength, and the most unbridled courage. He married three different times, and attained an age unheard of even in our land, where vigour and health ever resided. Thirteen sons were the fruit of his first and second marriages. His third wife, a famous beauty at Tscherkask, presented him with a daughter; and although the birth of the child cost the mother her life, I believe that Iguroff loved this only daughter more tenderly than all his thirteen sons put together. I wish I were a painter, in order that I might draw for you my grandfather's form as plainly as it stands before my mind at the present moment—words are not sufficient to do so, for his exterior was something most extraordinary. It was exceedingly well calculated to produce a deep and wonderful impression upon all his grandchildren, even in their earliest childhood; and, in fact, we were never able to look at him without a feeling of respect and dread. He stood several inches above six feet high, and might have exhibited himself in Europe as a giant. In addition to this, he used to wear a tall cap, round which was bound a bunch of raven's feathers. Even when all the males capable of bearing arms were assembled upon the banks of the Don, his colossal figure towered more than a hand's breadth above the tallest among the thousands of Cossacks present. But the breadth of his chest and shoulders, the really Herculean build of his bones, muscles, and sinews, and the rough, bushy hair which thickly covered his body from the crown of his head to the soles of his feet, were still more extraordinary than his height. When I used to be with him as a little boy, he was already far up in the seventies. His brown face was covered with wrinkles; a grayish, wild beard hung down as far as his breast; he had an aquiline nose, and a pair of large bloodshot eyes, whose fixed gaze, as well as the broad star on his forehead, imparted to his appearance something both strange and repulsive. He was considered the best rider of the whole land of the Don, and that is saying a good deal among us. He never rode any but descendants of the faithful beast which, when dying in the Nogai steppe, saved his life, and whose posterity were distinguished by the same black colour and the same length of mane. In the management of the lance and long sabre he found as few superiors as in riding; and in drinking, too, he looked in vain for his equal.

The Major here suspended his narrative for a moment, and took a long pull at the punch glass, as if he wished to intimate that in this noble quality, the spirit of his old grandfather had no cause to be ashamed of him. He then proceeded with his story.

It was not alone the imposing—I might almost say devilish—appearance of my grandfather, which inspired all of his numerous grandchildren, even in their early childhood, with respect mixed up with dread; a feeling which, however, was not confined to us, but was shared by thousands of his neighbours, and even by the Calmucks. His strange manners were still more striking than his gigantic stature, and his blood red owl's eyes. Previously to the massacre in the Nogai steppe, when almost all his race perished, Wassily Iguroff was said to have been a boon companion, and even to have had a handsome face. Not only did he love his horse as well as war, *schnaps*, and pretty girls, but was a skilful dancer and an excellent singer, who knew a great many of our old national songs by heart, and was even said to have composed some himself.

**FRUITS OF AUSTRIAN PERfidY.**—By Austria's abandonment of her position on the Polish frontier, eight Russian regiments, i.e. 24,000 men, have, it is stated, already passed Arzamanskoy Bazaar (to the south of Perekop), and will proceed direct to the line of the Tchernaya. These are the first elite troops that Russia has sent to the Crimea; in spite of the most arduous marches, they are said to have lost nothing of their martial bearing and spirit, and great results are looked for by the Russians, as the standards of these troops have on almost all occasions hitherto been attended with victory.

**HAIR-BEADTH ESCAPE.**—An extraordinary accident recently befell Captain Mortimer Adye, of the Artillery, before Sebastopol. A man in the trenches was filling a shell very clumsily with powder, and Captain Adye observing him, took it from him, in order to give him a lesson. While engaged in the operation, a shell from the enemy came over, burst, and ignited the powder which the Captain had been pouring into its receptacle. He had the shell between his knees at the time; there the powder caught fire, yet, wonderful to say, he escaped with the loss of all the hair on his face and a good scorching.

## THE SIEGE OF SEBASTOPOL.

### THE CAPTURE OF THE MAMELON BY THE FRENCH.

[With reference to the account of the capture of the Mamelon and the Quarries which we gave in the greater portion of our last week's impression, we have some further interesting particulars, which, although to a certain extent recapitulated by our former account, are still so graphic and picturesque as to repay perusal.]

The French went up the steep to the Mamelon, on the 7th of June, in most beautiful style and in loose order, and every straining eye was upon their movements, which the declining daylight did not throw out into bold relief. Still their figures, like light shadows flitting across the denser barrier of earthworks, were seen to mount up unaided—were seen running, climbing, scrambling, like skirmishers, up the slopes on to the body of the work, amid a plunging fire from the guns, which, owing to their loose formation, did them as yet little damage. As an officer, who saw Bosquet wave them on, said at the moment, "They went in like a clever pack of hounds." In a moment some of these dim wraiths shone out clear against the sky. The Zouaves were upon the parapet firing down into the place from above; the next moment a flag was up as rallying point and defiance, and was seen to sway hither and thither, now up, now down, as the tide of battle raged round it; and now like a swarm they were in the heart of the Mamelon, and a fierce hand-to-hand encounter, here with the musket, there with the bayonet, was evident. It was seven minutes and a half from the commencement of the enterprise. Then there came a rush through the angle where they had entered, and there was a momentary confusion outside. Groups, some idle, some busy, some wounded, were collected on the hither side, standing in shelter, and now and then, to the far corner, a shell flew from the English battery facing it. But hardly had the need of support become manifest, and a gun or two again flashed from the embrasure, against them, when there was another run in, another sharp bayonet fight inside, and this time the Russians went out, spiking their guns. Twice the Russians made head against the current, for they had a large mass of troops in reserve, covered by the guns of the Round Tower. Twice they were forced back by the onrushing flood of French, who fought as if they had eyes upon them to sketch the swift event in detail. For ten minutes or so the quick flash and roll of small arms had declared that the uncertain fight waxed and waned inside the enclosure. Then, the back door, if one may use a humble metaphor, was burst open.

### THE CAPTURE OF THE QUARRIES BY THE ENGLISH.

Then, at last, the more hidden struggle of our own men in the hollow on the left came uppermost. They were right, so far as the occupation and retention of the quarries were concerned, but had nevertheless to fight all night and repel six successive attacks of the Russians, who displayed the most singular pertinacity and recklessness of life. As it grew dark, our advanced battery under the Green Hill made very pretty practice, and a pretty spectacle, by flipping shells over our men's heads at the Russians. From the misspent outline of the pits a fringe of fire kept blazing and sparkling in a waving sort of curve, just like a ring of gas illumination on a windy night. The attempt to retake them out of hand was desperately pushed, the Russians pouring in a most terrific discharge of musketry, which caused us no small loss, and as it came up the gorge, extending with the fresh wind, sounded in the distance like water gushed simultaneously from a thousand bottles.

During the night of the 8th repeated attacks, six in all, were made upon our men in the quarries, who defended their new acquisition with the utmost courage and pertinacity, and at a great sacrifice of life, against superior numbers, continually replenished. The strength of the party told off for the attack was in all only 1,600, of whom 600 were in support. At the commencement 200 only went in, and another 200 followed. More than once there was a fierce hand-to-hand fight in the position itself, and our fellows had frequently to dash out in front and take their assailants in flank. The most murderous sortie of the enemy took place about 3 in the morning; then the whole ravine was lighted up with a blaze of fire, and a storm of shot thrown in from the Strand Battery and every other spot within range. With a larger body in reserve, it is not doubtful that they could have been into the Redan in a twinkling. Generally speaking, the Russian gunners were not very active through the night; indeed, there was little for them to do, and they are evidently shy of throwing away ammunition.

### THE KILLED AND WOUNDED.

On our side 365 rank and file and 35 officers had been killed and wounded; on the French side nearly double the number of officers, and a total of not less than 1,500 men, probably more; indeed it has been stated as high as 3,700. The ammunition wagons, the ambulance carts, the French mules, with their panniers full freighted, thronged the ravine below our Light Division, which is the straight, or rather the crooked, road down to the attack on the right. Troops of wounded men came slowly up, some English, the greater portion French, begrimed with the dust of battle. On the left a party of Zouaves had stopped awhile to rest their burden, bearing the dead bodies of three of their officers. A little lower an English soldier was down on the grass exhausted and well-nigh unconscious from some sudden seizure. A party of French were gathered round him, supporting him on the bank, and offering him water from their canteens, which he wildly motioned aside.

### ILLUSTRATION OF CHARACTER.

One of our sailor artillerymen being desired to keep under cover, and not put his head out to tempt a rifle bullet, grumbled at the prohibition, saying to his comrades loud enough to be overheard, and meaning to be overheard, "I say, Jack, they won't let a fellow go and look where his own shot is; we ain't afraid, we ain't; that's what I call hard lines."

### SCENES AFTER ENGAGEMENTS.

From 1 o'clock until 6 in the evening of June 9, no shot was fired on either side, while the dead bodies which strewed the hill between the Mamelon and the Round Tower, or remained in the front of the Quarries, were removed from the field of slaughter. Both of the French and of the Russians there were large numbers scattered over the ground of the chief conflict; among the former a large proportion were swarthy indigenes of Arab blood, or, as they are properly termed by the French soldiers, *Turcos*; and to their contingent of the killed, some were added from the very inside of the Malakoff, showing how near the impromptu attack was delivering the place into our hands. Of the Russians there lay still upon the spot some 200 corpses, a sufficient testimony to the severity of their losses in the struggle. Among the dead there was observed by one of our sergeants, also engaged in the task of seeking them, one partially in English and partially in Russian accoutrements. In the language which custom has stereotyped, he pointed the attention of the Russian burying party to the body, and said, "No Inglis, Russ;" "No Russ, Inglis;" was the reply; but a further examination of the uniform strengthened the impression that it could be no other than a deserter from the 34th, who went over to the enemy some time back, and a man of that regiment coming by recognised the face and put the matter beyond a doubt. The man had received a less ignoble death than he deserved, one bullet had passed through his head and another through his body.

### NEAR VIEW OF SEBASTOPOL AND THE MAMELON.

The French working parties had broken ground on the ascent, and were connecting their lines, distant some 200 yards, with the fort, by new parallels, and were also reversing the Russian trenches outside, facing towards our advanced works. The rugged, channelled, and shot-bruised outline of the fortress grew larger and more real as you wound up to it; but the interior, altogether unknown till that moment, excited a more vivid feeling, and alike outside and inside attested the fierceness of the struggle and the pluck of the assailants. The surface of the ground within was cut into holes and pits—here like an old stone quarry, there like a bit of Crimean vineyard; some of these were the effect of bursting shells with well-timed fuses, some the cunning apparatus of the hardy and prolonged defence. The corpses which cumbered the earth, and were in process of removal, gave out faint tokens of coming putrefaction, fragments of bodies and marks of carnage were interspersed with ruined gibions and broken firelocks; Russian guns, dismounted and dented with shotmarks, lay tumbling below their embrasures; fifty or so were concealed beneath the *debris*, and some quantity of hidden powder was also rooted out of the subterranean re-

cess which abounded in the rock. These nests, excavated in the inner folds of the intrenchments, were left warm by their previous occupants—and implements of labour were found in them, and, among other things, a bit of fishing-net in course of construction. The nearer view alone revealed the stupendous character of the earthworks, and, if astonishment were not now a stale sentiment, the eye-witnesses would have been simply astonished at the amount of labour lavished on them. The traverses appeared to be some eighteen feet in height. An English lady—where will they not go? where do they not go?—was brought by her husband, an officer, to survey the place—perchance herself had decided his coming. The Round Tower looked, even to experienced eyes, less formidable from that proximity than it had been judged from the distant points of view. How, indeed, could it longer look impregnable when the Russians were bringing out of it forty or fifty corpses of French soldiers who had won their way into its heart?

## RUSSIAN DILIGENCE DURING A TRUCE.

The Russians looked on the truce agreed to on June 9 for the burial of the dead, as on any other kind of truce, which leaves each party free to employ it as best it can; and while, on our side, not one shovelful of earth was added to the parapets, and not an embrasure touched, they, as soon as the white flags were hoisted, displayed an ant-like diligence in repairing their damaged works, and in replacing their dismounted guns, so that when, after about 6 hours' time, the fire was renewed, the formerly silent embrasures of the Redan and Malakoff Towers gave, by a furious volley, an unmistakable proof of their diligence.

## THE MAMELON A WRECK.

The Russians had time enough to fortify the Mamelon, and I assure you they did not lose it. From the simple parapet it had been in the beginning, it had by assiduous labour become a strong outwork of the Malakoff Tower. Even amid its ruins—for it is the most complete wreck imaginable—everything shows the value they had set upon it, and the care they took to make the most of it by the fixing of the gabions, the strength of the embrasures and the traverses. These latter had been taken advantage of to form a cover for the troops not required as guiniers or sentries, bound over with fascines and earth, or rather stones; they are made up into a kind of subterranean caves. But not all the care and trouble taken could save them from destruction. Never was a more complete state of wreck seen. The embrasures knocked to formless mounds, the traverses overthrown, burying all under them; the guns dismounted, with here a wheel, there a muzzle, sticking out of the heaps of stones and earth—whoever wanted to know what English and French guns could do, ought to have gone to the Mamelon on June 11, and whoever wished to have an idea what the struggle was, ought to have counted the mass of dead bodies.

## THE RUSSIANS TAKEN BY SURPRISE.

When one looks at the formidable defences of the Mamelon and the protection it had from all the Russian works to the right and left, and thinks again of the feeble resistance after which it was taken the first time, we cannot but come to the conclusion that the Russians in it must have been taken by surprise. Besides, the events after the first taking of it, the sortie of the Russians from the Malakoff Tower and the 8-gun battery, the violence of their attack which forced the French to retire for a moment, the resistance which they found the second time, and the tenacity with which the Russians defended every inch of ground, all led to the same conclusion. The account of the prisoners taken at the Mamelon is to the same effect. A cadet who was taken prisoner says they had not the slightest idea of an attack, and were dining quietly with the General, as well as the rest of the officers, when the French made their first rush, and he had scarcely time to swallow the last morsel before he was taken prisoner.

## KURDES FORDING THE RIVER ARAX.

The Kurdes are unquestionably the most picturesque and warlike of the numerous romantic peoples of the East. Their race is of great antiquity, and supposed to present the poorest specimens of the old Saracen race, wholly free from Moorish or Mongolian taint.

They preserved their independence as a nation long after the partition of the Southern Caucasus and Asia Minor by the various powers now occupying those countries, in the midst and to the incessant annoyance of them all. They are now the nominal tributaries to Russia, Persia, and Turkey; notably, much in the same degree as the Sioux and the Camanches may be said to own and pay allegiance to the Governments of New York and Mexico; much as Sherwood Forest was within the shrivelling of Nottingham. They are, in fact, outlaws and freebooters, leading for the most part a nomadic and purely independent life. Those who inhabit the regions of the Taurus follow the noble and ancient calling of pillagers, robbing openly and without disguise, making no pretence whatever of any less dignified or more legal pursuits. The neighbouring Pachas of Erzeroum and Bayezeth (their nominal governors) have about as much power to control or punish their depredations on travellers and villages as Willie Nicol Jarvie would have had to arrest Robert Macgregor Campbell (gentleman of the county of Perth), at the Clachan of Aberfoyle, on a charge of sheep-stealing—enforcing, by his Majesty's subpoena, the attendance of Mistress Helen Macgregor Campbell and the Dougal as witnesses against the said Robert before the board of magistrates sitting in Glasgow. A few of the Kurdes under the dominion of Russia have formed themselves into settled communities, and have established villages on the banks of the Aral; but even these invariably pass the summer in tents. The bulk of the Russian Kurdes adhere to the habits and traditions of their race. Their principal encampments are to be found in the Provinces of Armenia and Akhaltsik.

The Kurdes are renowned for their bravery and matchless dexterity in all bodily exercises. The appearance of an armed and mounted Kude with his lance and buckler, managing a fiery steed with consummate ease, has been described by many modern writers as the perfection of manly grace and chivalrous bearing, and in no detail differs from Sir Walter Scott's matchless picture of Saladin in the Desert,—the ideal type of a Saracen warrior.

The majority of the Kurdes belong to the Mahometan sect of Sunnis. A few tribes under the Russian sway have embraced the Christian religion, (Russian Christianity possibly affecting them about as sincerely as Russian civilisation). Finally, there are some who are still supposed to observe the primitive faith of their race—that mysterious and terrible creed, known as devil-worship. At any rate, it is known that the Yezidis, a branch of the same people who encamp on the borders of Lake Gokcha, address propitiatory sacrifices to the Spirit of evil—with a view to being preserved from the calamities of which he is believed to be the dispenser. Their belief is, that the Angel of Darkness will be one day reinstated and glorified; and that he will afford protection in the world to come, to all who have not cursed his name on earth.

Our engraving represents a suspicious party of Kurdes passing the river Arax—possibly waiting the arrival of a rich caravan, or the emissaries of a magistrate, prematurely ardent in the cause of civilisation.

REDUCED ARISTOCRACY.—There is a family in humble circumstances at Kettering, bearing the ancient royal name of Plantagenet, though now it is commonly corrupted into Plant. There is also living in the town the widow of a baronet, who earns a precarious livelihood at washing and charring. She is sometimes facetiously called "My Lady." Her late husband's grandfather, Sir John Norwich, lost a large estate through gambling, and was afterwards pensioned by the Duke of Montague, and his son was so poor that he died in the parish workhouse, leaving nothing but the barren title to the late Sir William Norwich, who followed the humble occupation of a sawyer.

THE DUNMOW BIRCHES.—On the 18th of July, the day appointed for the presentation of Mr. W. Harrison Ainsworth's fitches of bacon, all the tradesmen in the town have agreed to close their shops, and give their men a holiday to see the procession. As an evidence of reciprocity of feeling, Le Chevalier Chatelein, a French literary gentleman, with Madame his wife, are accepted as partakers of the time-honoured custom of Dunmow, conjointly with James Barlow and Hannah his wife, a thoroughly English couple.

## THE CASE OF STAHLAN, PAUL, AND CO.

The above individuals were placed at the bar at Bow-street, on Friday, June 22, charged with unlawfully negotiating or otherwise disposing of certain deeds, or other securities, intrusted to them for safe keeping, they being bankers. Great excitement prevailed, and a large concourse of most specially-dressed persons besieged the court to hear the particulars.

The counsel for the prosecution said he charged the prisoners, on the part of Dr. Griffith, with having, about five or six weeks ago, fraudulently, if not feloniously, converted £22,000 worth of securities, intrusted by him to them for safe keeping, to their own use. Happily, the doctor was in a position to prosecute the prisoners, which he did from a sense of public duty, and nothing could make him swerve from the discharge of it. He should be in a position to prove that the securities in question had been deposited from time to time with the prisoners. With regard to Mr. Strahan, he should prove, that in the hope of arresting the progress of these proceedings, he saw Dr. Griffith on the day that gentleman applied for the warrant, and endeavoured to induce him not to proceed further in the case, which he of course refused to do.

Dr. Griffith, in his examination, said the bank had securities of his to the amount of £22,000. Mr. Strahan, at a private interview, expressed his surprise that Dr. Griffith could not obtain any information about the securities at the bank—as he and the partners were then ready to afford it—adding that they were night and day engaged in making up their accounts. While Mr. Strahan admitted the Doctor was justified in the course he had taken, he considered he was doing a great injury to him and the creditors at large. He had great expectation that he and Sir J. D. Paul would by and by have money sufficient to redeem any securities, and that they had prepared notes of hand for Dr. Griffith had he called upon them. The securities, it was also said, had been placed in the hands of Overend and Durman, with the knowledge and assent of Sir John, who took them to the City, and that he "considered himself equally responsible for the act." Dr. Griffith was quite sure Mr. Strahan used these words. Securities amounting nearly to £100,000 had been deposited, but the Doctor's were by far the largest of those belonging to any one person.

In answer to various questions put to him by counsel, Dr. Griffith said he was not aware that the securities had been discovered or traced. They were taken from the bank six weeks ago, and since the year 1810 he has had no control over them. He could not tell who purchased them, as they had been accumulating for years.

The counsel for the defendants said he did not intend to make any observations on the day's proceedings. He felt bound to state, however, that Mr. Strahan entered the bank with £180,000, all of which had been lost. He could not defend the prisoners from the censure that was now freely passed upon them. Respecting Mr. Bates, it was said he was engaged in the business of the bank in Paris at the time the securities were removed. The prisoners were then remanded until Wednesday. On being brought up again on that day, after some more formal proceedings, a further remand for a week took place.

On Monday last, a meeting for the proof of debts and choice of assignees took place at the Bankruptcy Court, Basinghall Street. From the grave nature of the criminal proceedings pending against the bankrupts, the case excited intense interest, and the Court was crowded with creditors and others interested in the matter. The following statement was handed in by Mr. Lawrence, the solicitor to the petitioners:

Total of creditors unsecured .....	£502,373	3	4
Add Earl Fitzwilliam's balances of Dr. and Cr. account .....	£1,454	5	0
Sir J. D. Paul .....	1,258	15	6
	2,743	0	6
	£505,115	3	10

Discount Sir J. D. Paul's separate note, £7,350	37,300	0	0
Of this £27,000 less, and £10,000 due to .....	19,100	8	4
Namur and Liège Railway .....	2,7	7	7
Olley "extents" .....	44,698	4	7
	113,070	0	0
Halford and Company .....	26,522	0	0
Lodging, value received .....	68,220	0	0
Debt, no value .....	12,550	0	0
	£64,078	13	3

Amount raised on securities .....	44,698	4	7
Halford and Company .....	113,070	0	0
Lodging, value received .....	26,522	0	0
Debt, no value .....	68,220	0	0
	£64,078	13	3

Assets.			
Debtors on loans considered good, say .....	£100,000	0	0
Ditto on overdrawn accounts .....	20,000	0	0
Ditto bad and doubtful, not carried out .....	275,116	0	0
Halford and Co.'s Dr. balance .....	113,659	0	0
Bad and doubtful, not carried out .....	110,903	0	0
Sundry bad debts .....	31,410	0	0
Sundry debts secured by policies of insurance £19,300, say value .....	6,000	0	0
Bills discounted and supposed good .....	9,600	0	0
Sundry shares and securities at bankers, say .....	5,000	0	0
Debts due to Halford and Co., say .....	35,000	0	0
Debts for which no value received .....	12,500	0	0
	£64,078	13	3

The debts of the firm, irrespective of any deficiency in the securities held by creditors, and irrespective of any surplus that might come from these securities, appeared to amount to £680,600. The assets, in round numbers, and judging from present appearances, would realise somewhere about £160,000, without reference to the large sums advanced on foreign railways, and which would represent an item of no less than £270,000.
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Some of the creditors having complained that they did not know what had become of their securities, there was handed in a statement—prepared by Mr. Bates, in conjunction with the two other bankrupts, of every security, whether Exchequer Bills, shares, or any other kind. This declaration of the bankrupts having been signed by them, was deposited in the hands of the official assignee. Debts to the amount of £224,465 were proved during the day.

The following gentlemen were proposed to act as trade assignees:—Mr. Barwiss, navy agent, New Boswell Court; Mr. Charles Appleyard, solicitor, Lincoln's Inn; and Mr. Edmund Waller, stationer, Fleet Street.

Messrs. Lawrence, Plews, and Boyer, are solicitors to the assignees, and Mr. Turquand, of Old Jewry Chambers, is accountant to the estate.

Among the creditors are—Lord Palmerston, the Duke of Devonshire, Earl of Carnarvon, Viscountess Melbourne, Earl of Dysart, Sir A. Ashton, Sir C. Coote, Sir Charles Young, Lord Lisburne, Wadham College, Lord Cavendish, Rutland, Lord J. R. Manners, the Right Hon. C. C. Manners, Lord Galway, Countess of Craven, Countess of Verulam, Marquis of Clanricarde, Sir Lucius Curtis, Lieutenant-General Thos. Manners, Lord Muncaster, Lieutenant-General Buller, Sir B. Macnamara, Lady Manners, Earl of Bradford, &c.

THE "RESCUE."—Six hundred pounds is, it is understood, the price paid for Mr. Millais's "Rescue." The "Order of Release," exhibited last year, was sold to the same purchaser for three hundred guineas.

THE MAGISTRATE AND HIS CLUB.—He would now call the attention of hon. gentlemen to those unlicensed victuallers' houses, the clubs of this city. The hour was half-past 11 o'clock, and the night was Sunday. Two gentlemen were sitting at supper, one of whom was a metropolitan magistrate. They had been down to Richmond or Greenwich, and nobody would presume to doubt that his worship was a traveller. The parties, therefore, discussed their devilled leg of a turkey, and washed it down with whisky punch, and at 12 o'clock returned to their homes "comfortable." The next morning the magistrate might go to his police-court, and the first case brought forward might be that of an innkeeper who had been informed against for giving a beefsteak and a bottle of wine at half-past 10 o'clock to his own brother; and this magistrate, with the taste of the whisky scarcely off his lips, would hurl the statue at the head of the unfortunate publican, and knock him down; fining him £1 5s. This tempted him to exclaim "Handy dandy; which is the justice, and which is the thief?" The act must have been brought forward by those who were lineally descended from the respectable gentleman who hanged a cat on Monday for killing a mouse on Sunday.—*Mr. Berkeley's speech on the Sunday Beer Bill.*

## CHIT CHAT OF THE WEEK.

Some interest has been excited in military circles by the discussion of the suggestions thrown out by Mr. Oliphant, in his work on the coming campaign; the most striking of them being, that the Allies should direct an imposing section of their forces against the trans-Caucasian provinces of Russia, which present 300 miles of frontier conterminous with that of Turkey. The success which invariably attends the allied forces in the open field, might, it is urged, be turned to good account in this region, and might tend, even at the end of one campaign, to the adoption of a  *fifth point* in the final treaty of peace, very essential to the repose of both Persia and Turkey—namely, "that henceforward, between the Caspian and the Black Sea, the *Terek* and the *Kouban*, form the frontier of Russia." A reference to any ordinary map will show the importance and propriety of such a line of demarcation for the south-eastern extremity of the Russian Empire.

The principle of the division of labour, is about to be carried out in all its integrity, in the distribution of duties among our army in the Crimea. Working corps, of various classes, whose duties will be distinct from the fighting portion of the force, will relieve the latter from much irksome labour inconsistent with the thorough performance of their more soldierly occupations.

As a nursery for troops already partially seasoned to the hardships and privations of a campaign, it has been proposed to Lord Panmure to form a general and permanent encampment on Salisbury Plain; but whether the project has been entertained we have not heard.

At the taking of Kertch, we regret to hear that the valuable collection of antiquities contained in its Museum were barbarously destroyed. In the neighbourhood of Kertch, are many interesting remains which would well repay the labour of a few excavations; or, at all events, the careful examination by a small learned commission, which might be sent out for that purpose, while the place remains in our possession. Among others, is a Greek church, built among the ruins of a temple of Esculapius, rich with columns, bas-reliefs, and other interesting remains innumerable.

The tomb, however, to which many correspondents refer, is not that of Mithridates, as they suppose, whose mausoleum is well known to be at Sinope. The tumulus at Kertch was, moreover, opened by the Russian Government some years ago, and the greater portion of its interesting contents scattered. It contained, in an inner chamber, above 150 pounds' weight of gold jewellery; the discovery of which created so much excitement, that the rabble broke through the guards and succeeded in carrying off all the most valuable articles, and for a long time afterwards not a Greek woman within many miles was without a pair of exquisitely-wrought gold ear-rings or bracelets, the antique workmanship of which far exceeded their intrinsic value.

Peat-gas appears likely to supersede that obtained from coal in many parts of Ireland, as it is said to be more pure, and at the same time more economical, half-a-pound of turf-peat giving one cubic foot of gas.

The arrivals and departures of illustrious visitors during the week have been pleasingly varied by the announcement of a new comet in the constellation of the Gemini, which may be seen with a good telescope of ordinary power.

But while we hail the arrival of this astral visitant, many will regret the departure from England of a star of the literary firmament—Mr. Hawthorne having given up his consulate at Liverpool to return to America.

This reminds us of an act of American munificence that must not pass without record in our journal. Mr. Peter Cooper, a merchant of New York, has erected and endowed a new college, dedicated to the arts and sciences, in which students without pecuniary means, of all nations and all religions, may qualify themselves for any pursuit which they feel themselves suited to follow with profit and distinction. The building and its appurtenances cover three-quarters of an acre. The main building is six storeys high, and the expense incurred amounts to 100,000 dollars.

While speaking of America, we may refer to the unsuccessful attempt to sound the depth of the gulf at the base of the falls of Niagara. A piece of iron, 40 lbs. in weight, was affixed to the extremity of a wire of suitable strength, for the purpose; but, after plunging for a moment, the force of the current brought it again to the surface, and whirled it along like a floating chip.

Memorial statues are rapidly on the increase—not, as of old, for gold-crowned sovereigns, or laurel-crowned warriors, but for men of the people—men of science, men of art. In the church of St. Agatha, attached to the Irish college at Rome, the statue of Daniel O'Connell, by the Roman sculptor, Benzon, has been inaugurated. At Bergamo, the statue and other ornaments have just arrived, intended for the tomb of the musical composer, Gaetano Donizetti, the author of "Anna Bolena," the "Elisa d'Amore," and the delightful opera of "Don Pasquale." The tomb is to be erected in the principal church of his native place, a small town near Vicenza. To these may be added the statue of Allan Ramsay, the barber-poet of Edinburgh, which is about to be erected in that city, at the end of a terrace near the head of the Mound.

Speaking of commemoration statues, leads us to Signor Monti's instructive and brilliant series of lectures on the History of Sculpture, now drawing towards their close; in the last of which he expresses his conviction, that, previous to the time of Praxiteles, all the greatest works of sculpture were artificially coloured, in order to produce a closer imitation of nature. But that great artist, the first to attempt the bold experiment of a nude Venus, left the statue white, to accustom the public to the novelty. This ingenious supposition is, at all events, *ben trovato*. Signor Monti states that in the ancient process of colouring statues, the pigments were not daubed over the work after the manner of the chromatic statuary of the Crystal Palace, but that the grain of the marble itself was never concealed; the statue, as stated vaguely by ancient authorities, was heated to a certain degree, and waxen colours were rubbed in, the operation being repeated several times, till the desired intensity of tone was produced; by this means the original surface and the delicacy of the chiselling were not injured or concealed by the colour.

The French daily paper, the "Séicle," published the other day an amusing *feuilleton*, entitled "A Comic Romance in Algeria," by Benjamin Gastineau, in which four Parisian travellers are cleverly victimised by a party of our lively friends, the excellent Zouaves. And in the same number of that paper, an article, signed H. Lamanché, discusses the merits of the recent debate on the Administrative Reform question; in which, it is asserted that Mr. Layard experienced a singular failure, while the whole *éclat* of the debate is given to Sir E. Bulwer Lytton.

In concluding our *résumé* of the idle gossip of the week, we may state, that a correspondent of "Notes and Queries" informs the readers of that periodical, that the "Winner of the Derby," Wild Dayrell, was so named in honour of the predecessors of the Pophams, in the possession of Littlecote-house, and that the name is spelt with a "y" in compliment to the branch of the family still seated at Lillington, Bucks; though the Wiltshire branch always spells the family name "Darrel." *This is certainly very important.*

As connected with literary criticism, we may refer to Mr. A. P. Stanley's remarks upon the literary style of St. Paul, which, coming from a canon of Canterbury, must be supposed to have their due weight. He tells us that the style of the Apostle of the Gentiles resembles that of Thucydides, and still more strongly that of Oliver Cromwell.

The appearance of Mr. Kingsley as an author on natural history has been hailed with pleasure by his admirers. From the discussion of social science in "Alton Locke," and the striking pictures of reckless adventure in "Westward, Ho!" to the calm contemplation of the exquisite details of minute animal and vegetable life, there is a leap which few literary athletes could have accomplished with success. But Mr. Kingsley, it would seem, has experienced no difficulty; and the description of his excursions among the seaweeds and diminutive molluscs of the coast of Devonshire, is as charming as his former works—which, barring a certain exaggeration—were both powerful and striking.

PRIVATE THEATRICALS.—Next month private theatricals, under the management of Mr. Charles Dickens, will be given at Campion House, Kensington, in aid of the Sanatorium for Consumption and Diseases of the Chest at Bournemouth.



BEFORE THE MALAKHOFF, JUNE 7, 1855.—(DRAWN BY GUSTAVE DORE.)



A TRIBE OF KURDES FORDING A RIVER.—(FROM A DRAWING BY PRINCE GAGARIN.)



THE ENGLISH ATTACK ON THE QUARRIES.

## Imperial Parliament.

FRIDAY, JUNE 22.

## HOUSE OF LORDS.

The Assizes and Sessions Bill was read a second time, after some discussion, in which the Lord Chancellor, Lords Brougham and Campbell took part.

Lord PANMURE stated that the apparatus invented by Colonel Bethune for attacking maritime fortresses had been referred to a body of scientific commissioners, who had reported against its adoption.

## HOUSE OF COMMONS.

Admiral BERKELEY, in answer to Colonel Harcourt, said that no further information had been received respecting the massacre at Hango Head. No confirmation was obtained of the Russian statement that some of the officers and men who were reported killed had been taken prisoners, and no application had been made for the delivery of the dead bodies.

Mr. ROEBUCK gave notice, for the 3rd of July, of a resolution founded upon the report of the Sebastopol Inquiry Committee, conveying a heavy censure on every member of the Aberdeen government, on account of their mismanagement of the war.

## EDUCATION BILLS.

Sir J. PAKINGTON inquired what course Ministers intended to pursue in relation to the Education Bills now before the House.

Lord J. RUSSELL observed that as the bills were to be referred to a Select Committee, their progress was not so urgent as other measures which it was designed to pass during the present session.

## ARREARS OF PAY TO THE WOUNDED SOLDIERS.

Mr. STAFFORD called the attention of the House to the arrangements made for payment of the arrears due to those sick or wounded soldiers who had returned from the Crimea, observing that, in the event of any papers being lost (which was the reason assigned for non-payment), the men should not be suffered through an occurrence for which they were not responsible.

Mr. F. PEEL, in reply, said that peremptory instructions had been sent to the paymasters to make returns, and it was intended to pay the men what appeared to be due to them.

## PERSONAL EXPLANATIONS.

Mr. LINDSAY called attention to the transport service, and defended himself from the attacks made upon him by Mr. Drummond and Admiral Berkley in a previous debate, and denied that in his recent speech at Drury Lane Theatre he had promulgated virulent untruths. He recapitulated many of the statements then brought forward, and adduced much confirmatory evidence, and several new details, gathered, in some degree, from the official returns.

Sir C. WOOD remarked upon the unfairness of making charges against Ministers in a place where they had no opportunity for defence or explanation. He proceeded to notice in detail several of the instances cited by Mr. Lindsay, and stated circumstances tending to exonerate the Admiralty department from blame.

## SCOTLAND EDUCATION BILL.

The House then went into committee, and resumed the discussion on the clauses of the Education (Scotland) Bill. Several clauses of the measure were agreed to, after a discussion prolonged till past midnight.

Progress was then reported, and the House resumed.

The remaining orders of the day were then disposed of, and the House adjourned at two o'clock.

MONDAY, JUNE 25.

## HOUSE OF LORDS.

The following bills were read a third time and passed:—The Stamp Duties Repeal on Matriculation and Degrees (Oxford) Bill, the Charitable Trusts Bill, the Grants of Lands Bill, the Public Libraries and Museums (Ireland) Bill, the Consolidated Fund (£10,000,000) Bill, and the Spirit of Wine Bill.

Their Lordships then adjourned.

## HOUSE OF COMMONS.

## THE HORRIBLE AFFAIR AT HANGO.

Sir C. WOOD, in answer to an inquiry by Captain Duncombe, stated that despatches had been received from Admiral Dundas, from which it appears that several of the persons reported to have been killed at Hango were wounded only, and some who were prisoners were not wounded. The Admiral had written a letter of remonstrance to the Governor of Helsingfors, who, in reply, had excused, and to a certain extent justified, the act, declaring that no flag of truce had been seen; that the soldiers on shore had been irritated by vessels hoisting the Russian flag, and that it had been reported in the newspapers that English vessels had elsewhere, under colour of a flag of truce, taken soundings. Sir Charles had already stated, and he had been assured by the officer who had commanded the gun-boat in the Bay of Kertel of the fact, that the report referred to was entirely destitute of foundation. The result of the affair was, that five seamen of the Cossack and the Finnish captain were killed by the fire of the Russians; four seamen and two Finns were wounded and made prisoners, and three officers, four seamen, and two Finns were taken prisoners without having been wounded.

## THE ARRANGEMENT OF PUBLIC BUSINESS.

Lord PALMERSTON, in fulfilment of the promise he had made on Friday, stated the intentions of the Government regarding the various bills before the House with which they had power to deal. There were thirty-three Government measures in different stages, of which it was their intention to defer until next session the Juries and Juris (Ireland) Bill, the Grand Jury Assessments (Ireland) Bill, and the Court of Session (Scotland) Bill. With respect to the Education (No. 2) Bill, the Education Bill, and the Free Schools Bill, it had been generally understood, he said, that these bills, when read a second time, should be referred to a select committee, with the view of deferring them until next session. There had been an understanding likewise that the Testametary Jurisdiction Bill should be coupled with a Church Discipline Bill; but, various impediments having prevented the introduction of the latter bill, and it being hopeless to discuss these bills during the present session, he did not mean to press the former measure.

## THE LATE ATTACK ON THE MALAKHOFF TOWER AND REDAN.

Lord PALMERSTON said the Government had that afternoon received intelligence of the number of killed and wounded in the late affair before Sebastopol, which would appear in the "Gazette." It might state that there were 93 officers killed and wounded. Of non-commissioned officers and privates, there were 144 killed and 1,058 wounded; making a total list of 1,295 killed and wounded.

## VICTORIA GOVERNMENT BILL.

Mr. Adderley, Mr. Lowe, and others, opposed the third clause of this bill, which gave the Home Government the power of annulling colonial acts. That clause, however, was defended by Lord John Russell and Sir John Pakington; and on a division it was retained by a majority of 110 to 38. The other clauses were also agreed to after considerable discussion and some division, which however did not alter the character of the bill.

## NEW SOUTH WALES GOVERNMENT BILL.

Mr. Lowe, Mr. Roebuck, Mr. Maguire, and others, opposed that part of the constitution which provided for this colony a nominated upper chamber. It was defended by Lord John Russell, Mr. Adderley, and others, on the ground that that form of the constitution was the choice of the colonists as expressed through their legislature.

The committee divided, when the nominated upper chamber was agreed to by 173 to 38.

The bill then went through committee.

## EDUCATION BILL.

Lord SEYMOUR renewed his complaint against the waste of time involved in this discussion, without any prospect of coming to any definite result. He would therefore move that the debate be adjourned for 3 months and if unsuccessful now he would renew his motion on Monday next.

Lord JOHN RUSSELL hoped his Noble Friend would not persist in this motion, but would allow the matter to stand over till Monday. The question was of great importance, and created a great interest in the country.

After some further remarks by Mr. M. Gibson and Mr. Walpole, Lord Seymour consented to postpone his motion till Monday.

Several other bills were forwarded a stage, and the House adjourned.

TUESDAY, JUNE 26.

## HOUSE OF LORDS.

Lord LYNDHURST called the attention of the House to the treaty of the 2nd of December, 1854, and the recent conferences at Vienna, with reference to the position of Austria in her relation to the allied powers. He contended that a bold course had been adopted in the first instance, Austria would have been far more likely to have entered into an active co-operation against the aggression of Russia. A more timid policy had, however, been adopted, and it was now doubtful how far we might depend upon Austria to remain even neutral for the future. As far as the war had gone, the result was decidedly advantageous to Austria and to no one else. He adverted to the fact that certain members of the late Government, while professing to support the independence of the Turkish Empire, had recommended the acceptance of terms which would have left the aggressive power of Russia as unimpaired as ever; and expressed his gratification that the conferences at Vienna had closed without arriving at such a lamentable conclusion. He said the absolute demolition of Sebastopol should be insisted upon. He concluded by pressing the Government to act with more decision and vigour in the future.

The Earl of CLARENDON deprecated the idea that every country which did not

side with us against Russia should be considered an enemy. He thought that Austria had shown a manifest leaning towards the Allies.

The Earl of ELLENBOROUGH considered the ill-judged expedition to the Crimea had paralysed the natural bias of Austria towards the Allies, by withdrawing from her neighbourhood the forces upon which she might have relied in the event of a rupture with Russia. She was therefore forced to adopt a temporising policy. After some observations from the Duke of Argyll, Lord Denman, the Marquis of Clanricarde, and Earl Granville, the subject dropped.

## HOUSE OF COMMONS.

## SEBASTOPOL COMMITTEE REPORT.

Mr. ROEBUCK postponed his motion on this subject, till Tuesday, 10th July.

## GOVERNMENT CONTRACTORS.—MR. LINDSAY.

Mr. MALINS, in consequence of what took place last night respecting Mr. Lindsay, gave notice that he would call the attention of the House to the statement made by Sir C. Wood, that he (Mr. Lindsay) was interested in a government contract.

He was, however, informed by the SPEAKER that his motion was objectionable. Consequently the matter dropped.

## NEW WRIT FOR THE CITY OF LONDON.

Mr. DUNCOMBE moved that a new writ be issued for the election of a citizen to represent the City of London, in the room of Baron Rothschild, who, since his election, has entered into a contract for the public service.

The ATTORNEY-GENERAL, in reply, alluded to the case of M. D. W. Harvey, who, while a member of the House, had accepted the office of Registrar of Hackney Conches. In that case the matter was referred to a select committee, and he advised similar proceeding now. He, therefore, moved as an amendment, that the contract entered into by the Baron Rothschild be referred to a select committee.

Mr. WALPOLE seconded the amendment.

Sir F. THESIGER said he saw no necessity for a committee, as the facts were all fully before them, and neither layman nor lawyer could doubt for a moment that Baron Rothschild had vacated his seat by accepting the contract.

Lord J. RUSSELL, in supporting the amendment, stated that many Hon. Members of the House had, at different times, contracted for loans without vacating their seats; and he therefore thought that they should not agree to Mr. Duncombe's proposal, but refer the subject to more delicate investigation.

Mr. M. GIBSON deemed it likely that all the members of the House, who had taken parts in the loan, were compromised as well as Baron Rothschild. Under these circumstances, and not seeing his way clearly, he was for a select committee.

The SOLICITOR-GENERAL reminded the House it was dealing with a statute which had never been enforced for a long space of years till this session.

Mr. DISRAELI said that when he took up the contract he was not at all satisfied about this case, because if the contract which lay upon the table of the House were the only proof that the Member for London had entered into a contract with her Majesty's Government, then he could not refrain from saying that the demonstration of that fact was very imperfect, because he found, instead of the name of Lionel Rothschild, that it was signed by N. M. Rothschild and Sons. Of course he was not trying to persuade the House that such a contract had not been entered into by Baron Rothschild; but it was for the select committee to obtain complete evidence of the fact. There appeared also to be great ambiguity in the law; the language of the act was certainly not plain English.

Lord PALMERSTON thought what had been said was enough to show that it was expedient to refer this question to a committee for investigation.

After some further discussion, Mr. Duncombe withdrew his motion, and the amendment was agreed to.

## SUNDAY TRADING BILL.

In reply to a question from Mr. Otway, who alluded to the demonstration in Hyde Park, on Sunday last, Sir G. GREY said it was not his intention to offer any opposition to the proceeding further with the bill in committee. He would state his opinion on the clauses when they were before the House.

Mr. OTWAY gave notice that on the motion for the third reading he should propose that it be read a third time that day three months.

Mr. ROEBUCK gave notice that he should move in committee that all the clubs in London be included.

In reply to a question from Mr. Massey, Lord R. GROSVENOR said that since the movement, on Sunday, he had received several letters from working men, which spoke of the crowd assembled in no complimentary language. He did not mean to speak in uncourteous terms of those persons, because he did not think that the expression of opinion of the very humblest ought to be treated with indifference or contempt. The responsibility of the bill did not rest with him, but with the House. It was his intention to press the bill.

## THE SUNDAY BEER BILL.

Mr. H. BERKELEY moved, and Mr. Cobett seconded, that a Select Committee be appointed to investigate the operation of the act passed last session, for regulating the sale of beer on Sunday.

Mr. W. PATTEN expressed his readiness to submit the operation of the measure to the scrutiny of a Committee. He defended the principles on which the act was framed, and combated some of the allegations urged against it in the House and out of it.

Mr. WILKINSON insisted that this was not a fit subject for legislation. Observance of the rules of sobriety and religion might be impressed by moral influences, but could not be compelled by Acts of Parliament.

The motion was agreed to.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 27.

## HOUSE OF COMMONS.

The SPEAKER took the Chair at 12 o'clock, and the Marquis of BLANDFORD moved the second reading of the Formation of Parishes Bill, which after a short discussion was withdrawn.

## MAYNOOTH ENDOWMENT.

Mr. MAGUIRE resumed the adjourned debate by stating that he felt it to be a duty imposed upon him as a Roman Catholic member of that House to enter fully into the charges made against Maynooth, with a view to show that those charges were baseless. The Hon. Member observed that the Marquis of Camden, when he laid the foundation-stone of the College of Maynooth, said they had that day inaugurated the commencement of a wise institution for the education of the Roman Catholic Clergy at home; and a Protestant King, and Protestant Ministers, a Protestant Parliament, a Protestant Clergy, and a Protestant people concurred in the wisdom, prudence, and policy of an establishment which had of late been the object of so much intolerant misrepresentation. He contended that those persons who were the uncompromising advocates for the abolition of the grant were impelled by a most unchristian spirit. The Hon. Gentlemen pointed out, amongst other things, that the youth of that church were taught to love their Lord above all, and their neighbour as themselves; the latter term including all men alike, even their enemies. Of the 29 archbishops and bishops in Ireland, 2 archbishops and 22 bishops were educated at Maynooth. 1,222 priests had been educated there, and she sent about 60 missionaries annually to the colonies, and there were 34 missionaries in England educated at Maynooth. He deprecated the taunts thrown out against the Roman Catholics of Ireland, of their being disloyal, and asked had not the Roman Catholics of Ireland shown their bravery and loyalty in their recent engagements with the enemy in the Crimea!

Captain Stewart and Mr. B. Stanhope opposed the grant, which was supported by Mr. P. O'Brien, after which the debate was adjourned till the following day.

THURSDAY, JUNE 28.

## HOUSE OF LORDS.

## MARRIED SOLDIERS.—INCREASE OF PAY OF THE ARMY IN THE FIELD.

Lord PANMURE in reply to the Duke of Richmond, said if we were to have married men in the barracks, there should be accommodation provided for them. At the same time he wished to see the army without women attached. With the object of increasing the number of recruits in the army, the Government had resolved to grant double pay to the soldiers engaged in the Crimea.

## LATEST NEWS.

LORD RAGLAN.—It is reported that Lord Raglan wishes to return home in consequence of ill health, and it is believed that General Simpson will succeed him as commander-in-chief.

INTELLIGENCE of the death of Captain Lyons reached the Admiralty on Thursday.

THE HANGO MASSACRE.—Accounts from Helsingfors state that the English had bombarded Hango and destroyed the telegraph station. The Russians admit that the Cossack's boat displayed a flag of truce; but allege that they suspected a stratagem to surprise them.

## LATEST MARKET INTELLIGENCE.

The Corn Market on Friday was very dull for all kinds of grain, and to have effected sales to any extent lower prices must have been submitted to. The imports of Foreign Wheat were over 14,000, and Oats 23,000, quarters. The Cattle trade was in a depressed state, and the quotations of Sheep, Lambs, and Calves, gave way from Monday from 2d. to 4d. per 8lbs. In the various other Markets, great inactivity prevailed, and the general quotations were the turn in favour of buyers. Tallow was 52s. 3d. on the spot, and Linseed oil 40s. per cwt. Consols fell to 90s. 9d.

## INNER LIFE OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

## DIVISION.

We now proceed to describe a division of the House. The debates ended. The Speaker rises and puts the question. There are not many people who understand the form in which motions and amendments are placed before the House, but a few words will make it intelligible. In public meetings, if an amendment is proposed, the chairman puts it, amendment first, and it is generally supposed that in so doing he follows the precedent of the House of Commons. This supposition is, however, entirely wrong.

## FORM OF PUTTING QUESTIONS.

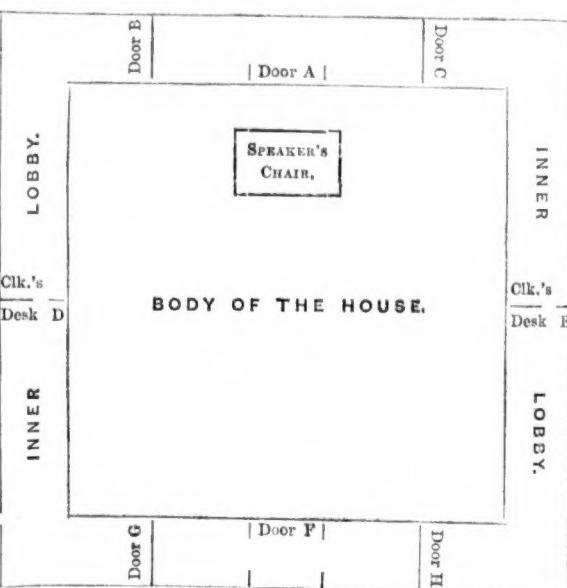
Mr. A. moves "that the bill be read a second time"—Mr. C. moves an amendment, "that all the words after the word 'read' be struck out, and the words 'this day six months' be substituted." The Speaker reads the resolution, and then the amendment; and says, "The question which I shall put is, that the words proposed to be struck out stand part of the resolution." By this plan it will be seen that confusion is prevented, for the members know that they are going to vote "Ay" or "No," just as if no amendment had been moved. Having put the resolution, Mr. Speaker declares that the "Ayes" or the "Noes" have it, according as the cries of "Ay" or "No" appear to him to preponderate. He then asks the mover of the last motion or amendment whether or not he will "divide" and on receiving his answer in the affirmative, the Speaker orders "strangers to withdraw." The clerk turns the three-minutes' sand-glass; the messenger tells the doorkeeper, who shouts out "division," and rings his bells. The strangers under the gallery retire, and all strangers in the outer lobby are driven into the corridors by the police. In the old House, when strangers were ordered to withdraw, the order was literally obeyed, and all in the galleries, and even the reporters, were obliged to go out; but in the new House there is no communication between the people's and reporters' galleries and the body of the House, so the occupants are allowed to remain; and, moreover, formerly there was an affection of secrecy kept up long after the divisions were published in the papers—but all this has been glorified. Indeed, the division-lists are now sent officially to the public prints. As soon as the division-bells ring, the doors leading to the different rooms where members "most do congregate" are thrown open, and every passage is kept clear for their entrance.

## INTERESTING SCENES FOR SPECTATORS.

The best time for a spectator to see members hurrying to a division is on Wednesday morning, when the committees are sitting. In the committee-room corridor there is a bell, and when this rings the messengers hurry into the committee-room and announce the division. The chairmen of the committees immediately adjourn the sittings; and as it is a good two-and-a-half minutes' trot from the committee-rooms to the House, there ensues a scampering race, which, though fun to the younger and active members, is trying to the wind of the old and corpulent; and if these arrive in time, which is not always the case, they show unmistakable symptoms of distress.

On the announcement of a division by the Speaker, the Serjeant-at-Arms takes his stand at the entrance into the House, with the handle of the door in his hand; and in the short three minutes allowed, it is a dull scene which is presented to the spectator in the lobby. Down the corridor, leading to the committee-room, may be seen at full speed the members of committees. There come some score of fresh young dashing members, as frolicksome as kids, delighting in this agreeable interruption to their dull and uninteresting labours; then come the older members, who, though they started on the run, have been obliged to pull up into a walk long before they get to the House; and last of all may be seen the halt, lame, and fat, who, though in sight of the door, will only arrive just in time to see it shut up. From the dining, smoking, and tea rooms, if the division take place in the middle of the evening, a crowd of members are hurrying forward; some wiping their mouths, many looking as if they had dined, and not a few redolent of the weed. And now the sand has run out, the Serjeant bangs the door, and locks it. The doorkeeper shouts "locked!" and all who are in must keep in, and all who are out must remain out. It sometimes happens that members who do not wish to divide are shut in: they were comfortably asleep in the upper lobbies, and were only aroused by a shaking from the messenger; now, however, they must divide, for it is a rule that no man in the House can shirk a division when once the door is locked. The Speaker now again puts the question, and adds, "Ayes to the right, noes to the left," which has been travestied into "Eyes to the right and nose to the left."

As it will be interesting to our readers thoroughly to comprehend how these divisions are managed, we shall introduce a diagram, by the help of which we shall be able to make them understand better than by a verbal description:—



Door leading to Outer Lobby.

The reader will see that the inner lobby runs quite round the House. This is called the "Division lobby." The "Ayes," then, go out at door A, pass by the clerk's desk D, and then remain in the space between D and door G until all have passed the clerk. It will be observed that there is only a narrow passage at D. Through this passage only one member can pass at a time; and as he passes the clerk ticks his name off on the printed list of the members, which lies on the desk. But the accuracy of the poll does not depend entirely upon the clerk; for when all the "Ayes" have passed the clerk, the doors G, which had been locked, are thrown open, and as the members pass through they are counted by two "Tellers." The polling of the "Noes" is conducted in the same way, excepting that they come out of the House through door F, and come in at door A. By this arrangement it will be seen that the stream of "Ayes" never meets the stream of "Noes" for whilst the one is passing out through A, the other is going out at the opposite end of the House; and whilst the one is coming in at A, the other is coming in at the other end. When the clerks have delivered the numbers to the Speaker, the Tellers are ordered up, and proceed to the table and make their report; and then the Speaker announces that the "Ayes to the right are so many, and the Noes to the left are so many," and declares that the ayes or noes (as the case may be) "have it." The time which a division takes depends upon the number in the House,

and upon the equality or inequality of the votes; but a full House, when the votes are evenly divided, may be packed in a quarter of an hour between two minutes. As soon as the numbers are decided, the front door is thrown open, the doorkeeper calls out, "Open the galleries";—and instead of members, the "strangers" return to their seats. Under the galleries, the next order of the day is proceeded with. When the "act" is important, loud cheers from the windows of the Speaker.

It not unfrequently happens that when the members who are "about" the House, but not in it, rush up at the call of the bell, they are ignorant of the point on which they are going to divide. But the indefatigable Whigs, in a few rapid words, tell them where to go. Of course, of the merits of the question as elicited by the debate, they can know nothing, or nothing. But not much mischief, however, comes of their

silence, for though professedly all the talk is intended to change the national minds, it is a very rare occurrence that the most eloquent speech secures a single vote. The numbers in a division depend almost entirely upon the thoughtful consideration which honourable members give to the point at home, the force brought to bear upon them by their constituents, or by the—Whip. This latter acute functionary can generally tell long before the division—"there or thereabouts"—how the numbers will run. And it is but seldom that his book and the Speaker's announcement materially disagree.

We have noticed that all members caught "napping" must, however divisible it may be to them, divide upon the question. Some ludicrous scenes have occurred when unwilling members have suddenly awakened and found themselves locked in. More than once honourable members have been hauled from under the benches in the lobby, where they have stowed themselves away to escape a division.

#### A STRANGER IN THE HOUSE.

The other day, the rather uncommon circumstance of a "Stranger in the House" occurred. It was on the night when Mr. Brown brought forward his resolution on the subject of the Decimal Coinage. About seven o'clock a person was observed by some members whom they did not know. One of the officers of the House was called, who immediately pronounced that it was "a stranger," whereupon report was made to the Sergeant-at-Arms, who immediately, to the dismay of the interloper and amusement of the House, walked up to the gentleman and took him into custody. He turned out to be Professor Graham, Master of the Mint. As the subject was interesting to him, he had gained permission to sit in the Peacock Room, near the gallery. The Professor never having been in the House before, made the very pardonable mistake of wandering into the sacred enclosure through the little wicket which separates the profane from hallowed ground, and was wholly unconscious of his sin until the Sergeant's hand was upon his shoulder. The evident dismay of the worthy gentleman when he realized his position, was comic enough. Of course, as he had quite unconsciously offended, he was soon released. We may, however, remark, for the warning of those ambitious spirits who sometimes try to get into the House amongst the members, that it is quite impossible for a stranger to remain long undiscovered. Half-a-dozen eyes and more always scanning the faces of those who occupy the benches; and if a stranger were to enter, he would be sure to be discovered as Satan was when he entered Paradise to whisper into the ear of Eve; and if it should be found that he had sinned wilfully, he would find his frolic rather an expensive one.

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## ILLUSTRATED TIMES.

SATURDAY, JUNE 30, 1855.

#### THE PILLAGE OF KERTCH.

War, like any other human pursuit, is carried on variously, according to the conductors of it. In the case of savages, it is accompanied by cannibalism. In the case of the old knights, it was made a matter of ceremonial regulation; and, however stern, was adorned by all kinds of courtesy and formality. It is a very good test of a country's civilisation, how it conducts it. For in civilised times war properly partakes of whatever refinement the nations engaged have reached. Brutes fight only to destroy each other. Men fight to settle principles, and find out (in a satisfactory though rough and ready way) which of the two is to have most share in the Government of the world. It is a struggle between the culture, the courage, the ingenuity, of two nations; and except in rare instances, its triumphs remain with the one which is morally superior. To prevent peace-mongers from cavilling at this expression, we note that we include in it all the great qualities—courage, fidelity, patience, self-denial—all of which are needed to the successful carrying-on of war. Accordingly, no degree of intellectual refinement makes a man the less fit—but all the more—for conducting it nobly. ALEXANDER, SCIPIO, CESAR were all the first men of their time in everything, as well as in the managing of warfare. The same may be said of many modern heroes, among whom (including BRUCE and CROMWELL) will be found all the qualities which

make character noble. Their rulers and lovers can afford to despise the culprits, even on the other side, which is contradicted by the common belief of mankind, and ridiculous when talked about in the presence of the great facts of history.

As war, however, has its relations to each other, civilised countries pride themselves on subjecting it to all the laws which made life systematic and social. It has of late its giving of quarter—its formalities and politeness—its treatment of prisoners—its regard for private property and unoffending persons—are all so many testimonies that destruction is not the object, but only a means by which other objects are to be obtained. Civilised war is a political machinery. Whatever assimilates it to unscientific ferocity, degrades the nation that carries it on. Through the present strife, the Russians have inexcusably injured their cause by ruffianism. The Tartar was always breaking out and spelling the diplomatist. We all felt that the off-hand inability of its statesmen was but as the glossy skin to a wild beast. French and English culture had polished Russian leaders; the men of Russia were rough and brutal, and inferior to the lowest populations of Europe.

Unfortunately, we Allies have disarmed our arms in our conduct at Kertch. We have perpetrated, or suffered to be perpetrated, infamous violence. Murder and violation—will have and wanton spoil—were triumphant in the town, under the English and French flags. Nor can it be pleaded that, as in the case of Badajoz, men had been madly led by bloodshed. The town was quickly taken possession of; the soldiers in command had every opportunity of establishing order; yet all that we should add, when we read of it as inevitable, was here done when no possible excuse could be made for it. As for the destruction of the museum—with its rules of a high civilisation—(a civilisation to which, too, we are ominously indebted for our own,) it will be remembered as long as the war—and perhaps re-visited even after our triumphs there have ceased to excite anybody's pride.

That the worst excesses were committed by the Turks, there is no doubt; but were they committed by the Turks alone? After telling us that the Turks urged on the Turks to play the beast's and the murderer's part, our informant continues:—"The French patrols endeavoured to preserve order, and succeeded to some extent, but not till they had killed and wounded several Turks and Tartars. One miscreant was shot as he came down the street in triumph waving a sword wet with the blood of a poor child whom he had hacked to pieces. Others were slain in the very act of committing horrible excesses. Some were borne off wounded to the prison or the hospital, and at last respect for life was established by its destruction. This was not, to be sure, a general massacre. Even savages would have refrained from slaughtering the inhabitants of a town which had submitted and thrown itself upon their mercy. It was with difficulty, however, that the French controlled the excesses of the Turks and of some of their own countrymen. *Some English merchant sailors and day-labourers in the work of pillage and destruction.*"

Unhappily, we are but too well aware of the rude barbarism of many of our merchant seamen; but by what right are men of whom playing these parts? Our commanding officers must answer for this; for the future, too, the Turks—as one honoree is composed by the conduct—must be coerced in these villainous vagaries. Having said that for national existence, we have a right to dictate that their conduct shall be commonly human. We should deplore that the savagaries of old wars were in my case permissible now, but according to law are they permissible when a town peacefully capitulates. A peaceful town, ruled by anti-patriot remains and by modern inventors of property and by site superior to other towns in that part of the globe, is surely fitly; and is treated as only ruffians treat cowards after an obstinate resistance, when blood has infected the common soldier, and the officer has ceased to have any control over him.

But enough of this annoying and disgusting subject. We are sorry to have to speak of the doings at Kertch in such terms as would be almost severe enough for the doings at Hengam. But the cause of truth is still higher than the cause of the Allies; and if England does not reprobate such proceedings, the stigma of hypocrisy will be fastened to her whenever she favours the world by telling it that she is fighting for its "Civilisation!"

#### THE LOUNGER AT THE CLUBS.

THE recent failure in the banking world still occupies a large share of public attention, and, sitting shrouded in the recesses of an easy chair, I hear *guiding trumping guidings* in their stories of the discoveries that have been made. The favouritism that was displayed in the warnings of the coming crash which were undoubtedly given to certain clients, is the topic upon which Jawsins is strongest, and he seizes by the button unfortunate members, men from the country who do not yet know his powers of boldness, and tells them that on the two last days between £22,000 and £24,000 were withdrawn, and that on the Saturday the Sheriff's officer effected an entrance, and, on behalf of the Crown, secured the remainder of the cash, about £2,000, and got security for £800 more, or he would have seized the books and closed the premises at once. Little Tandy laments the losses sustained by the aristocracy, and tells you how the Duke of D— and Lord F— have been victimised to the extent of £10,000 each, while old Catesby (who is the greatest Radical in the club, and who, under the signature of "Gracchus," is always worrying the committee with complaints) growls out that he is not the least surprised, and asks what the deuce you can expect when baronets and *gentlemen* of fashion at the West End, sir, are mixed up with business matters. The most serious part of the whole affair appears to be the ruin entailed upon hundreds of poor and straggling families by the failure of the navy agency with which the bank was connected. The savings of the half-pay officer, the prize-money due to many now with the Baltic and Black Sea fleets, are all gone; the widow of Admiral Boxer is ruined, and it is said that brave old Sir Charles Napier is also a severe sufferer. I hear, too, that when the bank closed, there was a sum of £1,450, which had been recently paid in by the Committee of Amateur Artists now exhibiting at Burlington House, and which of course is lost to the Officers' Widow Fund for ever.

Last week, during the Commemoration, a hand-some testimonial was presented to Mr. Alderman Spiers, who last year held the office of Mayor of Oxford. Mr. Spiers' mayoralty was distinguished by the attention with which he cultivated the acquaintance of the more distinguished literary and scientific men; and numerous *conversations* were held under his auspices, at which grave university dons, editors of classical authors, and commentators on abstruse passages, were introduced to the lighter writers of the day, whose books they had read and admired, but with whom there was little chance of their becoming acquainted. Amiable relations were thus established between Town and Gown, and frequent were the refreshing "Saturday till Monday" holidays spent by the worn and wearied London press-man under the hospitable roof of the Mayor of Oxford.

The specimen number of "Le Nord," the avowed organ of Russia, has been published in Brussels. The tone is studiously moderate, carrying out the game that Russia has been playing (on paper at least) since the outbreak of the war, and propositions for peace are even hinted at. The journal is printed in French, and several of the leading writers in the

"Le Nord," "Le Soleil," are said to be engaged in it. "Le Nord," it was said, was founded by the Duke of Wellington, but King Chong set his face against the project, alleging his unwillingness to promote the success of methods calculated to annoy the Western Powers. The monarch in whose capital it is now in use, who married an English princess and to whom an annuity of £50,000 is paid by the English people, appears to have no such scruples.

Friday last was a great day for the great master, who certainly truly led the venerated army of Hyde Park. The newspapers generally appear to me to make no match of the demonstration, and to mention it as one of a dissenting character. It was nothing of the kind, the mob-masters, the writers of *charlatan* articles in journals that pander to the worst tastes of the people, and the cheap patriots were disappointed; the police forbade spectators, and the crowd assembled along the "Ladies' Mile" drive, and took up their most effective weapon, chaff, and used it with great effect. Why these fit kicks were not sent to the *Times*? The presence of so many imitators of Longfellow also called forth several pungent sarcasms.

The time is fast approaching when we, the English nation, will be understood in France. Then they will no longer believe that we sell our wives in Smithfield, never wear anything but checkered trousers and red hair, walk attended by bull-dogs, are perpetually present at cock-fights, and eat nothing but roast-beef, turncock steaks, and plum-pudding. Our pictures exhibited at the Paris Exposition have astonished our neighbours, and two or three of their cities have written long and laudatory articles upon English art. One of these papers is by M. Edmund About, a well-known light *lecturer* and contrivator to the "Revue des Deux Mondes," who goes *serially* through the catalogue, and finally pins his faith upon Sir G. Hayter's "Tribe of Lord Russell," as the best of the pictures in the collection. (N.B. Before already an affecting proof of the improvement since the alliance. The English does not tell the artist Sir Hayter nor Lord Russell, but gives him his proper name and title.)

The *telegraph*, laid on to all the Clubs and the Opera, tells us who is "up" of the House, and shews the latest news from Paris; in three years arrangements will be completed by which we in London will hear of any important event in New York, one hour after its occurrence.

By the way, talking of America, some of the Yanks are now here, discovered a delicious mare's nest. Reciting in Dr. M. A. Bell's "Life of Lady Blessington" a letter of Sir William Gell, in which he writes, "Irving declares the world will come to an end in 1867," they have unnoticed that "the author of the 'Sketch Book' is a Millerite!" The person alluded to is, of course not the famous Washington, but Edward Irving, the "archangel," to whose honour Mr. Henry Drummond, M.P., has succeeded.

There is little doing in the publishing world: we believe we are to expect a new book from Julie H. Norton, who takes the character which made his reputation, and succeeds in a new sphere of life. "Sam Slick in Search of a Wife" is the title of the forthcoming work, but *reviewers* are always bad; even Mr. Phillips, & Co. of the *Wrights* did not tell when introduced into "Hanslope's Cooks" and readers are beginning to discover that very little real wit is required to invent absurd words or exaggerated similes.

Two more numbers will complete "The Newcomes," and about November Mr. Flackery intends paying another visit to America. It is believed that his proposed object is to collect materials for another story, the subject of which will be told in *transatlantic* reviews. The English novels in Paris are a far future. Is it to be wondered at? The lively French gentry, accustomed to their own sharp, sparkling, half-hour entertainment, are not likely to be won over to the *Witnesses*, as they call them. Spurred on by the desire to be the best in the public, by third-rate melo-drama the artists from a London suburban theatre. We hear sad stories of unpaid salaries, of Englishmen and women expelled from the theatre on account of not being fit for it, and not to be made fit by the street, and being relieved by the charity of Madam H. H. East, a fellow artist! This is disgraceful; the manager of the *Lyceum* is innocent from responsibility, and declares that an "English amateur," who called to guarantee all the money, is the person in fault. It is to be hoped, let us have the *Witnesses* as a *deliberating*, and let him be held up to the reprobation by so just a *jury*.

Mongers of the *times* appear to be "robbed in" at the public, by whom they are supported, and on whose money they live. Any one conversant with theatrical tactics, knows that the pit and gallery are the really paying portions of the house; but Mr. Charles Keen docks certain seats from his gallery, turns them into stalls, and when remunerated with, addresses the spectators as "People of the gallery!" Let us, on the occasion of his benefit, Mr. Wiggin followed out at the *Olympic*, find out if seats were made into stalls, row to row, Mr. Wiggin's greed, as well as his right to do so as pleased in his own house, and declared that he had "Box Street to back him." This gentleman only and notorious alibi did not satisfy the public, and the seats were retained by the *IRT*, who had scrambled into them.

The engagement of Mr. Charles Mathews at the City of London Theatre has not proved the success that was anticipated by the management. Draymen prefer it to the *Lyceum*, and it is to be hoped that the *Standard* and *Kindness* letter than *Laughter* will be the *key* to the popularity of West End eccentricity, in which Mr. Mathews is without a rival, could be understood or appreciated by the denizens of Shoreditch and Norton Folgate? The practical humour and ready conceit of *Witwicks*, of Messrs. Wright and Bedford, who have been playing at the *Standard*, are much more to their taste.

The veteran actor, Mr. Farren, takes a farewell benefit on the occasion of his final retirement from the stage, on the 16th July. Mr. Farren will be assisted by the *crème de la crème* of theatrical talent, but the public will need no inducement to crowd the house, and take their last look at a gentleman who, in his peculiar line, has been rarely equalled, and never surpassed.

#### OXFORD COMMEMORATION.

THE great Annual Festival of *Alma Mater*, known as the commemoration, was celebrated last week at Oxford, under circumstances of more than ordinary interest, and with increased attractions. This commemoration shows that Oxford can be gay as well as grave. At such a holiday time she lays her books on their shelves and gives vent to generous emotions, and lends her aid in scattering flowers on the pathways of those who are tempted to tread in her classic and time-honoured retreats. Relaxation takes the place of study—lecture-rooms are converted into temples of pleasure and enjoyment, and become the resort of beauty and fashion. Music, dancing, the *soiree*, the *conversations* reign with uninterrupted sway, and pleasure in her manifold forms gives a rosy tint to college life. It is the occasion when the University steps out of her quiet and sombre ranks to do homage to those who have done "Old England" service, whether as divines, statesmen, warriors, poets, philosophers, or philanthropists.

The Commemoration of this year has been equal in importance to any of its predecessors,—the fondest hopes of the most sanguine have been fully realised.

The proceedings may be said to have commenced on the afternoon of Saturday last, when there was a large gathering of members of the University,—visitors in the Divinity School, to hear the Denyer Prize Essays read by the successful competitors.

On Sunday the various churches bore testimony to the large number of visitors, and on the Monday advantage was taken of the Commemoration week to have a bazaar at the Star Hotel, in aid of the funds for the restoration of the Abbey Church of Dorchester, under very distinguished patronage. Soon after 7 o'clock, boats started from Tilney in regular order. On reaching the University barge the crew at the head of the river (Baliff) took their station, while the crews rowed by them, and saluted them by tossing up their oars. On the conclusion of the procession a man dressed as a clown, went down the river, for a short distance in a canoe drawn by four geese, who evidently disliked being harnessed and curbed in their native element.

In the evening a grand concert was given in the Town Hall by the Mem-

bers of the University Amateur Musical Society to an audience of about 1,000 persons. Balls were also given on the same evening at Corpus Christi College and in Mr. Wyatt's rooms.

On Tuesday the Anniversary Sermon in aid of the funds of the Radcliffe Infirmary, was preached at St. Mary's Church to a crowded assembly. On the afternoon of the same day, the third exhibition of the Royal Oxfordshire Horticultural Society, was held in the beautiful gardens of Trinity College. The weather was everything that could be desired, and soon after 1 o'clock the visitors began to pour in, and up till 7 o'clock the stream continued to flow. The geraniums and roses were splendid, and the hilarity of the visitors was maintained by the bands of music which enlivened the whole scene.

One of the most attractive features of the week was the *Conversazione* given by Dr. Acland, as librarian of the Radcliffe Library. It was numerously attended by the *élite* both of the visitors to Oxford and the residents. Among those present were the Earl of Derby (Chancellor) and his Countess, Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone, Sir William and Lady Heathcote, Sir De Lacy Evans, General Macdonald, Mr. Monckton Milnes, Sir Charles and Lady Lyell, Mr. Alfred Tennyson, and many others.

The company began to arrive at half-past eight, and within the succeeding hour the library was completely crowded.

Lord Derby, who had previously held a species of levee, and had various University dignitaries presented to him, then addressed the meeting from an elevated platform, and in a speech of above an hour's length, employed his eloquence in setting before the assembled multitude the benefits of physical science, and the importance of encouraging its study in the University.

On Wednesday the great and exciting feature of the week, the *Encensia*, or commemoration of Founders and Benefactors, took place in the Sheldonian theatre. As early as 9 o'clock numbers of ladies were seen hastening to the spot, in order to secure places in which they could see and hear to advantage. By 10 o'clock the whole of the space devoted to ladies was occupied, and presented a scene of brilliancy that could not be surpassed, while the area appropriated to *Masters of Arts* and strangers was as closely packed. The upper gallery for under-graduates, thrown open at 10 o'clock, was filled to overflowing in a very few minutes.

There were calls, in honour or otherwise, of distinguished public characters, from the commencement, and as usual the name of the Queen took the lead, then followed Prince Albert, both of whom were enthusiastically cheered. Then came "the



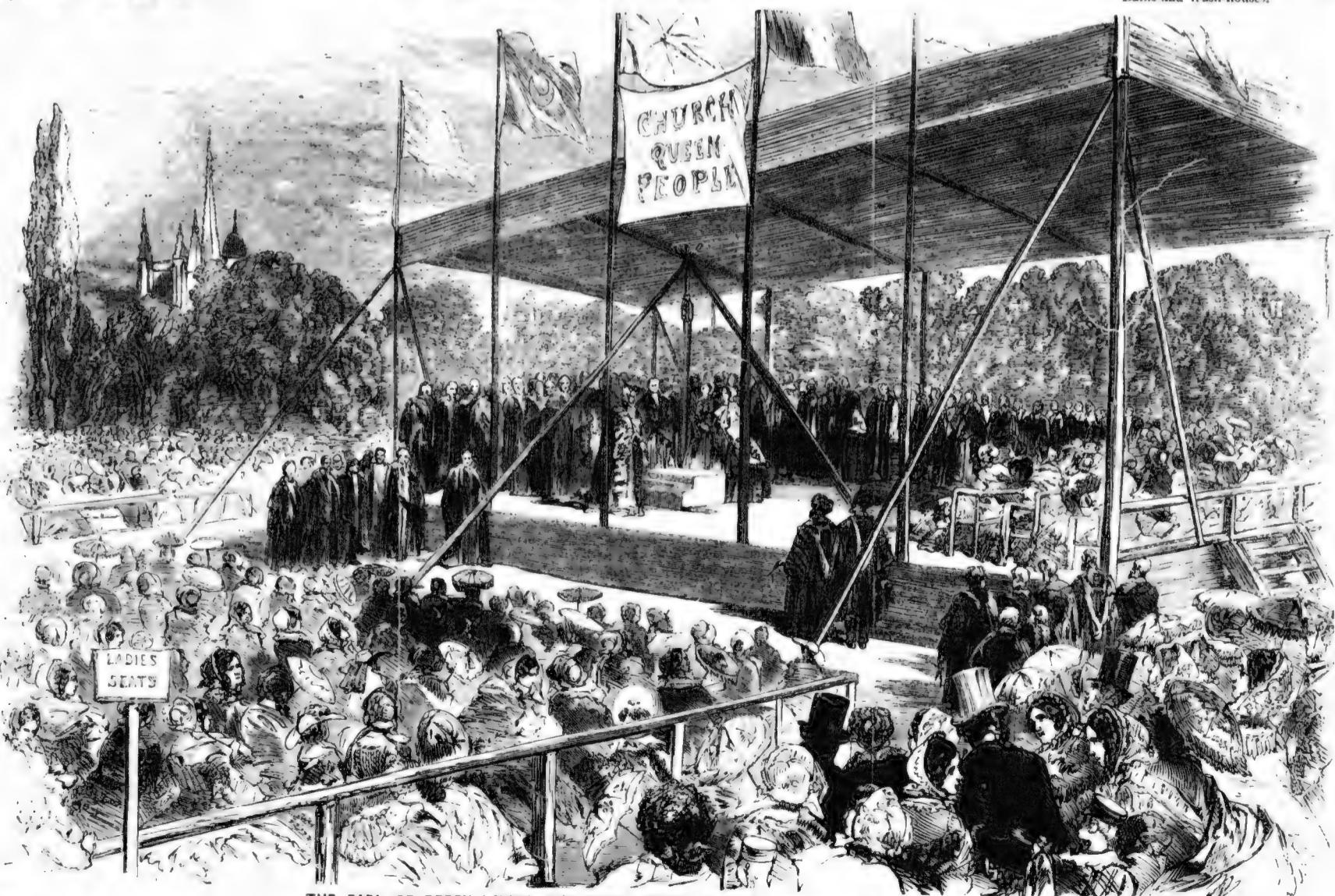
SIR DE LACY EVANS IN THE SHELDONIAN THEATRE, OXFORD, JUNE 20.

Ladies," a call at all times hailed with hearty and prolonged cheering, never exceeded on any previous occasion. The Emperor of the French, the Empress, our Allied Forces, Lord Raglan, Lord Cardigan, General Sir De Lacy Evans, were no sooner mentioned than the theatre rang with loud and hearty acclamations. There came three groans for Russia, Lord Aberdeen, and a few, in addition to Mr. Layard, who received a reception of them under the title of "the Veh Bull."

After the expression of approbation and disapprobation had subsided, the Chancellor opened the Convocation, and read the names of the distinguished persons upon whom it was proposed to confer the honorary degree of Doctor of Civil Law; the mention of the names of General Burgoyne, General Evans, and Alfred Tennyson, gave rise to demonstrations of the most enthusiastic character.

When Sir John Beverley Robinson presented himself for his degree, he was met with questions from the gallery of "Where from?" "What for?" but further questioning was at rest by a wag asking "Where Brown and Jones?" The presentation of Sir De Lacy Evans, however, was the marked feature of the day, and when Dr. Somerset spoke of his gallantry at Alma and Inkermann, there was a perfect tempest of cheering, accompanied with such clapping, and waving of hats, caps, and handkerchiefs, for the ladies could not refrain joining in the demonstration—a circumstance rarely witnessed within the walls of the theatre. The presentation of the Poet Laureate was the signal for cheering almost as hearty and loud as those accorded to Sir De Lacy Evans, and on his taking his seat a crowning cheer was given to "In Memoriam."

After the presentation of the degree to the distinguished recipients, the Chancellor submitted to the Convocation the handsome offer made by the Earl of Stanhope, to give during his life-time, and to bequeath at his death, an annual prize of £50 for the best composition on a subject of modern history. The customary Latin oration was then delivered, in the course of which the orator was reminded to "put on the steam," "Cut it short," "Consider the ladies," and requested "not to be too prosey." The oration was followed by the recitation of the prize compositions by the successful competitors. The only event of public interest on Thursday, was the presentation of an address from the Mayor, Aldermen, and Burgesses of the City, to Philip Bury Duncan, Esq., M.A., of New College, as an acknowledgment of his general benevolence, and his support of the City Charities, and his donation of £500 towards the establishment of the Oxford Public Baths and Wash-houses.



THE EARL OF DERBY LAYING THE FIRST STONE OF THE UNIVERSITY MUSEUM, OXFORD.

## The Sphinx.

## CHARADE.

VERY POETICAL INDEED, AS WILL BE ADMITTED NEXT WEEK.

## I.

*Mr. Turndown Coleridge to Miss Sarah Ann Sprightly.*  
 Oh, Sarah, wilt thou gang wi' me,  
 While sitting in the low-backed car?  
 Though in such scenes may chance to be  
 Some recollections brighter far.  
 Yet, when roses bind thy brow,  
 Wilt thou love me then as now?  
 The Naiad lily droopeth pale,  
 But yet the young May moon is bright;  
 So meet me in the willow vale,  
 To roam beneath the silent night.  
 Under blossoms on the bough,  
 Wilt thou love me then as now?

## II.

*Miss Sarah Ann Sprightly to Mr. Turndown Coleridge.*  
 Dear Sir, if you would win my heart  
 By proving you're a poet,  
 Methinks you'd find it best by art  
 Original to show it.  
 Your lines are dull, and I before  
 Have read them; if you'd rally  
 Make your next effort rather more  
 Like me—a lively Sally.

## III.

## DESPAIR.

A poem submitted by Mr. Turndown Coleridge, to the Editor of the *Spring Onion, or, Magazine of Sentiment*; but refused insertion by that functionary from obvious motives of jealousy.

Oh, day! oh, night! but this is wondrous queer!  
 Chaos is come again—come Antony!  
 And young Octavius—come, to mock me here!  
 Blow tempests, crack your cheeks—rage, blow on me!  
 The question is—to be, or not to be?  
 Time hath bereft me, it would seem of charms  
 Once thought divine—break on thy shores, thou sea!  
 (Thy shores so cold and gray)! My soul's in arms,  
 Yet, like the chieftain tired of wars alarms,  
 I cannot strike.—Hated by one I loved;  
 My rhyming cast into my teeth (which harms),  
 Inform'd by her, my lays might be improv'd!  
 Brav'd by a bonnet-maker!—I no poet!  
 Oh! very good! We'll leave these lines to show it.

## IMPARTIAL SUMMARY.

The lay of my friend, Mr. C.,  
 Whatever objection may be to it,  
 At least, (set to music) would be  
 Received as *my first* with a G to it.

Miss Sarah Ann's answer thereto,  
 Whatever stern critics may say to it,  
 For turn of the phrase you must view  
 As *my second* with simply an A to it.

And C's final work, (though of soul,  
 He has brought but a limited show to it),  
 In form you'll accept as *my whole*,  
 Though, in chorus, you all exclaim "O!" to it.

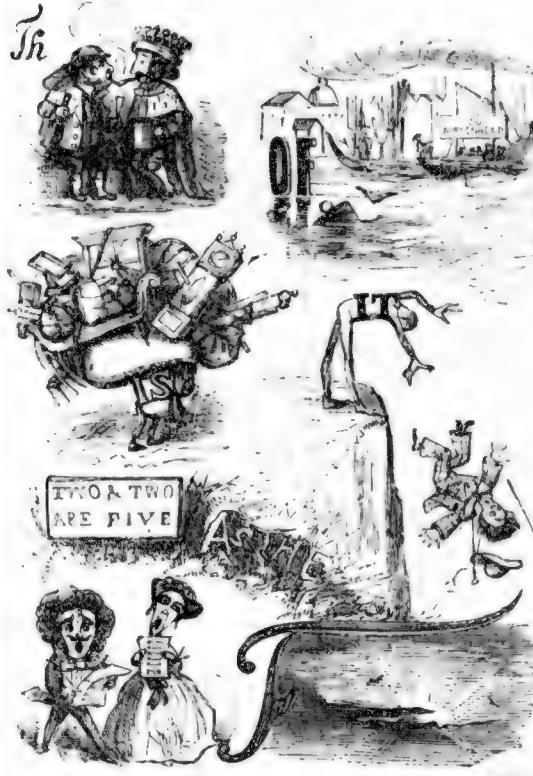
## ANSWER TO CHARADE IN LAST NUMBER.

*Castanet*—(cast-a-net).

## ANSWER TO REBUS IN LAST NUMBER.

A fool and his money are soon parted.

(A fool; & "H" is money; A; R-E soon parted.)



## REBUS.

MUNIFICENT DONATION.—Dr. William Clark, of Wester Moffat, in the neighbourhood of Glasgow, has placed at the disposal of the Church the munificent sum of £20,000 for the erection and endowment of a Free Theological College in Glasgow, provided other parties in Glasgow should provide a similar sum, so that £40,000 should be immediately available for the purpose in view. The subscriptions in Glasgow towards this second sum already amount to £14,000, and the major sum of £40,000 may thus be considered as secured. But Mr. Clark's liberality does not stop here. He offers to pay down, or secure, an additional sum of £10,000 for the same object, provided a like sum of £10,000 additional should be guaranteed by responsible parties within the next twelve months.

## A PAIR OF OLD LIEUTENANTS.

THE old gentlemen before you, reader, are Lieutenant Parr and Lieutenant Parker, of her Majesty's Navy, both on "reserved half-pay," and attached to Haslar Hospital. They are veterans in all senses—old fighting men of the old wars—who were afloat when the fathers of most of our "rising men" were but boys. On looking at the authorities, we find that they were both lieutenants years and years before the Commander-in-Chief of the Baltic fleet had seen the sea. Both of them were at the Battle of the Nile—"there all the while," as the song says, in 1798—some half-a-century before the said Sir Richard Saunders Dundas, above mentioned, fought at "Zig-cock-toro" in the Chinese war—if the reader has ever heard of that action, which he probably has not.

To begin with the senior, William Parker, whose lieutenancy (according to the veridical "O'Byrne") dates from 1801—he has but two lieutenants senior to him in the whole list. He entered the Navy in 1793. Two

years after, he was with Hotham in his action with the French fleet. In 1797, he was at the battle of Cape St. Vincent. He was in the *Colossus* at the Nile. He was afterwards serving in Egypt. When the hard work was over, the Admiralty do not seem to have needed Mr. Parker—which was a compliment, whether so intended or not. He has had the appointment in Haslar Hospital since 1838.

His colleague and brother-lieutenant, A. F. Parr, seems to have shared his naval tendencies with many of his family, for his father and three brothers were in the Navy likewise. He has but five lieutenants senior to him in the "Navy List," having entered the service in 1796. He was a midshipman at the Nile—he then helped to expel the French from Naples—saw some sharp gunboat work in the Bay of Gibraltar, and assisted in the debarcation in the Bay of Aboukir. After this, he joined the *Agamemnon*, and was in her at Trafalgar.

When the battle was over, Mr. Parr was sent on board the *Colossus*, 74



A COUPLE OF OLD LIEUTENANTS.—(PHOTOGRAPHED AT PORTSMOUTH, BY MAYALL.)

to ascertain her state, and she was found to be in such a condition, that the *Agamemnon* had to take her in tow. In the famous gale, which followed on the famous battle, the towing-rope broke; the *Colossus* was in danger of being lost, and Mr. Parr was the officer sent to take a fresh rope on board her—a good bit of seamanship, which he discharged to everybody's satisfaction. He continued to serve in the *Agamemnon*, and was in the action off St. Domingo; also at the capture of a corvette, and in the Copenhagen expedition; after which last, he aided (as second in command) in navigating to England the Danish 74, with the 95th Regiment on board. His lieutenancy dates from 1806. He served again in the *Agamemnon*, in South America, and was wrecked in the Rio de la Plata, in 1809. Subsequently, as first-lieutenant of the *Argo*, he protected convoys to the River St. Lawrence. He served, too, on the coasts of Spain and Portugal; and went to the East Indies in the *Alpheus*, from which he returned in December, 1816. We do not hear of his being employed after the time of hard work had gone by; but he was appointed to Haslar Hospital in 1831.

In these old gentlemen we have fine hearty specimens of the "old school" of naval officers—hale survivors of a race of conquerors. Sunning themselves there, as our artist has caught them, they look still vigorous, and happy and calm, in their peaceful old age. Contented we can well fancy them to be. But the dates 1801 and 1806 excite reflections. What generations of men have risen over their heads! What numbers, who were in their cradles when these men were already old stagers, are now high up in power and place! What a new naval world has grown up about them, with its steamers and its screws and its new customs—so that the old "Nile" ships and "Nile" men lie away in the distant past as in

another world! To imitate the spirit of the life and deeds of that by-gone era, in our new forms, should be the ambition of the new generation; and, meanwhile, the worthies who still survive, as specimens of it, are very proper objects of our respect and regard.

## THE CRYSTAL PALACE READING-ROOM.

UNDER the indefatigable superintendence of Mr. Shenton, the penny news-room of the Crystal Palace is progressing so favourably as to ensure the most perfect confidence in its permanent establishment. From a small beginning this useful and interesting appendage to the palace has become one of great importance, and the superintendent has not only been enabled to secure the periodical supply of nearly one hundred journals and magazines, but to see a considerable profit in the incoming of the pennies, which the visitors are but too happy to pay for the privilege of consulting them. For some time past a library has been in the course of collection, partly by means of the proceeds of the news-room, partly by the presentations of certain members of the directorate of the company, and partly by contributions from the leading publishers.

A WAR PRIZE.—An English officer, which rummaging about the cemetery at Kertch, discovered a great number of newly-made graves. As no one had been killed, and as no epidemic malady prevailed in the town, he conceived suspicious, and had the graves opened, when he found in them not fewer than 50 magnificent brass guns, quite new, and a great quantity of projectiles and gunpowder.



## ILLUSTRATED TIMES.

DISASTER.—Staff Captain A. Snodgrass (38th), severely; Staff Lieutenant J. F. Frost, slightly.  
 Major Pack, severely; Lieutenant Jones, severely; Lieutenant G. J. Lawrence, dangerously; Lieutenant G. Malin, severely; Lieutenant G. H. Weller, slightly; Lieutenant W. C. C. Captain E. Appleby, slight confusion.  
 Captain-Colonel E. Legge, slightly; Lieutenant J. S. O'Neill, G. H. Holmes, slightly.  
 Captain-Colonel D. Lyons, severely.  
 Captain-Colonel J. D. Johnstone, severely; Lieutenant-Colonel J. S. Canton, dangerously; Captain Thomas W. L. L. and J. T. Rogers, slightly.  
 Captain G. W. Galt, slightly; Captain J. Jordan, severely; Lieutenant G. L. Lieutenant F. Peet, slightly; Lieutenant R. B. Claydon, severely.  
 Brevet Major Earle, severely; Captain Norton, severely; Captain C. C. C. Lieutenant Venables, severely; Lieutenant G. R. Browne, dangerously.  
 On Rail-brigade: Lieutenant C. A. P. Boileau, severely.  
 On Rail-brigade: Lieutenant F. Freeman, severely; Lieutenant G. R. Browne, dangerously.

## MISSING.

Lieutenant N. D. Robinson.

Lieutenant H. Leyland.

Major 2nd Captain W. J. Williams, slightly.

Drillers—Major General Harry Jones, slightly; and Lieutenant-Colonel D. G. D. and Brevet Major G. J. Bouchier, slightly.

Commissioned officers and rank and file killed, 144; wounded, 1,058; missing, 150.

## COURT CIRCULAR.

Saturday, the 22nd inst., the Queen and Prince Albert, attended by Lady C. G. and two others, visited the British Museum. The object of her visit was to inspect a collection of antiquities lately arrived from the excavations of Mr. Loftus and General Ross, which had been discovered in the last excavations. An alabaster vase, containing the "remains of Sardanapalus," various very objects, including the "throne of the king," and several inscriptions relating to Nubchad, Tomyris, and other Kings of Assyria.

On Friday, the 21st, the Queen had an audience of the Queen at Buckingham Palace, and on Saturday, the 22nd, at the Royal Society, to so-sovereign House, to inspect the calculating machine invented by Mr. Schultz.

On Saturday, the 22nd, Captain P. D. of three o'clock in the afternoon of the Queen at Epsom, for the purpose of opening the Royal Medical Benevolent Fund.

Mr. Lindsay, M.P., has addressed to the *Times* a letter, in which he says:—"I pledge myself, on the earliest opportunity, the sides of the House will be open to me, to meet and dispel every charge and imputation cast on me by Mr. C. Wood. Until then, I claim that the House and the country will suspend their judgment; and in order to show that I have fair play, I will take two or three of the accusations against me, and show how dishonestly I have been dealt with by those whose tongue have hanged them what I hope to teach them ere long—this is the last policy."

IS A TRAVELLER?—Some magistrates held that a man in a post-chaise was a traveller, though in fact he was not; and one gentleman held that brandy and water was not the refreshment of a traveller, but was the drink of a pleasure party. Mr. Trail, of Greenwich, will not allow persons on pleasure to come within the meaning of the act, while the more liberal touch of Ilford holds that any man going five miles along a turnpike road, for any purpose whatever, was to all intents and purposes a traveller within the meaning of the act. Mr. Harwicke thought that a man stopping on his return near his own house was not a traveller, while Mr. Norton thought he was. The hon. gentleman quoted numerous other instances, to show the perplexity the public were left in as to what really constituted a traveller, the complaints from all parts of the country being unanimous that there was no rule laid down for the guidance of the publicans, and they did not know what to do. He had received a letter from Mr. Atkinson, detailing the operation of the Sunday Beer Bill in Liverpool, in which the same absurdities occurred; for while a man going to a village two miles from the town was allowed to be a traveller, he was not allowed to be one if he went to a village one mile further on. Last Sunday the landlord of the Angel Inn, Sutton, had his brother and sister from London to visit him, and as the parties were supping together, at half-past 10 o'clock, two policemen knocked at the door and were admitted. After looking into the parlour and other public rooms, they went into the private apartment where the family were at supper, and seeing two decanters of wine on the table, they departed; but in the morning the master of the house was taken before a magistrate, and fined 10 shillings and 15 shillings costs, although he offered to prove the lady and gentleman were his sister and brother; the magisterial answer to his offer being, "Then you must not have your brother and sister to supper."—*Mr. Berwick's speech on the Sunday Beer Bill.*

AN AGREABLE TRIP.—Steam-boat excursions take place on Sundays and Thursdays from St. Petersburgh to Cronstadt, to give the passengers opportunity of witnessing the defence of that fortress, as also to behold the beauties in that part of the country.

CLIMBING JACK.—The little quiet village of Ealing was in a state of great excitement last week, in consequence of the arrival of "Climbing Jack," from the eminent firm of Woodman and Lewis, of Manchester, to repair the steeple of Christ Church, which is 180 feet high, and to put a new lightning-conductor up without scaffolding. The curiosity raised by such a daring undertaking caused thousands of persons from miles around to flock to the church to witness the commencement of the operation. By a very ingenious method of flying kites, ropes were fixed on the top of the steeple, and in a few minutes up went "Climbing Jack" amidst the mirths of the immense crowd of persons assembled.

## POLICE INTELLIGENCE.

A CIGARETTE NEST.—Mary Lyons, an aged Irishwoman, appeared at the Home Office upon two summonses, taken out against her for infringement of the Counter Lending Houses Act.

The defendant has several times been brought up upon similar charges, but has always induced the magistrate, by her tales of poverty and distress, to have compassion upon her. In the present instance, it was proved that she had allowed more persons to sleep in a room than was permitted; that the tenants of the rooms were both single and married; and that there were no screens, partitions, or curtains in the room. It was also shown that the house was in the most filthy and abominable state; that the stench arising from it was intolerable, and the fleas were so numerous that they could be heard hopping about, and the defendant was covered with them.

The defendant made an impassioned harangue, threw her arms about, and said she would submit to be hanged, drawn, and quartered. Her only defence was that the persons found in her house were children.

Mr. Ingham said he could not any longer allow himself to be imposed upon by the defendant; he should fine her 2s. for each offence, or fourteen days' imprisonment. He would not this time take away her license, but would give her one more chance. The fines were paid.

BALLET UNMENTIONABLES.—Ann Kirby, a decrepid old woman in ragged attire, who might "look" the part of Meg Merrilies after her temporary decease, was charged, at Bow Street, with various robberies behind the scenes of Drury Lane Theatre.

It appeared that for a long time past there had been complaints among the ladies of the corps de ballet, touching the mysterious disappearance of their private and professional garments. Mad. Louise, the respected mistress of the corps, had made every effort to trace out the author of these frequent cases of partial larceny in the dressing rooms of her little band, but without the least avail. Lace sleeves, brilliant scarfs, and even golden wreaths, were not held sacred from the polluted touch of the pilferer. At length suspicion fell on Mrs. Kirby, the charwoman of the establishment. She was seen leaving the attiring room of Miss Helen Jack with some unaccustomed appendage hanging from beneath her gown. An alarm was raised. Miss Eugenia Marshall and a dozen of her fair betters were speedily on the spot. In vain did Mrs. Kirby protest that her garments had simply come undone. By the sanction of Madame Louise she was thoroughly搜查ed, and a number of articles—too delicate to mention, but all belonging to the corps—were found concealed beneath the prisoner's petticoats. She was therefore committed for trial.

## THE DEMONSTRATION IN HYDE PARK.

THE remark made by Lord R. Grosvenor, while discussing the Sunday Trading Bill, as to the aristocracy generally observing the Sabbath, and being careful not to work their servants or cattle on that day, has irritated the metropolitan populace to a degree almost dangerous. In the course of last week, oars were nested, summoning the "lower orders" to Hyde Park on Saturday afternoon, and test the memory of the Lord's day's element. Before the hour sped an immense concourse of variously-dressed persons from all quarters, mostly seen hurrying towards that particular part of the park directly abutting on the north side of the cemetery, and close to the carriage drive, better known by the road of Rotten Row. By half-past three o'clock some thousands of persons had gathered there; but all hopes of a public demonstration, in the shape of a riot, were at an end by the appearance of the police, who dispersed the crowd whenever any one tried to address them. Thinking they were not allowed to take the "drive," which was at the time thronged with carriages and equestrians, and which they completely "blocked," thereby causing an impediment to the thoroughfare, and fitly fitting to an absurd extent, by their wild hollings and groans, the fair occupants of the princely coaches who were out for their afternoon's airing. A reinforcement of police having arrived, the roadway was cleared, and the bidden crowd then ranged themselves along the ride, hissing and hooting every carriage that passed, until the ride was nearly cleared. The scene was of the most extraordinary and animated description; and had it not been for the skillful management and forbearance of the police, the most riotous proceedings might have ensued.

LIEUTENANT N. D. ROBINSON.

LIEUTENANT H. LEYLAND.

MAJOR 2ND CAPTAIN W. J. WILLIAMS, SLIGHTLY.

DRILLERS—MAJOR GENERAL HARRY JONES, SLIGHTLY; and LIEUTENANT-COLONEL D. G. D. and BREVET MAJOR G. J. BOUCHIER, SLIGHTLY.

MISSING.

THE FRENCH MUSLIN COMPANY send patterns free.—16, Oxford Street.

MOURNING MUSLIN.—The most beautiful as well as the most extensive variety of decidedly cheap Mourning Muslins is at the French Muslin Company's Warehouse, 16, Oxford Street, and Crystal Palace. Patterns free.

THE PRINCESS ROYALS.—The Patterns in Muslin at present worn may be seen by applying to the French Muslin Company, 16, Oxford Street and Crystal Palace. Patterns free.

THE FRENCH MUSLIN COMPANY'S MUSLINS surpass anything ever yet seen: the colours are most harmoniously blended, and there is a beauty, a delicacy, and refinement about them which one can scarcely conceive. They strike the attention of every man. What fleet they will have on ladies may be easily conceived. We recommend every lady to take the earliest opportunity of obtaining view of them. Patterns sent free.—16, Oxford Street, and at the Crystal Palace.

LADIES' WEDDING ORDERS AND INDIA OUTFITS are supplied in a very superior style, at moderate prices, by CHRISTIAN and RATHBONE, 11, Wigmore Street. Established 1792.

MOURNING.—The public are respectfully informed that MOURNING of every description, in the greatest variety, suited to all requirements, upon the most advantageous terms to purchasers, will be found ready for immediate use, with an extensive variety of choice millinery, at PIGG'S Family Mourning Warehouse, the first established in the United Kingdom, 163, Regent Street, corner of New Burlington Street. Widows' and all country orders sent off immediately upon their receipt.

SILK, MUSLIN and BAREGE DRESSES, MANTLES, SHAWLS, LACE, &c. Patterns sent Post-free.

SELLING OFF AT KING'S, 243, REGENT STREET, THE REMAINING SPRING AND SUMMER STOCK, AT HALF THE USUAL PRICES.

Richest French Fancy Silks ..... £1 5s. 6d. the Full Dress.  
Richest Brocaded Poult de Soie ..... £1 15s. 6d. ....  
Finest Swiss Cambrics ..... 20 3s. 6d. ....  
Finest French Muslins ..... 20 5s. 6d. ....  
Finest Barges ..... 20 12s. 6d. ....  
Richest Silk Mantles ..... £1 1s. 6d. each.  
Finest Long Barege Shawls ..... 20 17s. 6d. ....  
Mourning and Half-Mourning Silks ..... £1 5s. 6d. the Full Dress.  
Address (for Patterns) to KING & CO., Regent Street, London.

TO LADIES.—Close of the Season.—All Goods Considerably Reduced in Price, to make room for AUTUMN NOVELTIES, for which large Orders have already been given.

1,000 Rich Embroidered Habit Shirts, 1s. 11d. each; Samples by post, 2s. 1d.

Rich Ribbon Bracelets, 12s.; Samples by post, 14s.  
More Antique Parasols (all colours), 4s. 11d.

Cashmere Opera Cloaks, lined throughout with Silk, all colours, One Guinea.

Waterproof and Llama Mantles, One Guinea.

Patterns of the following Goods sent Free to any part:—

French Barege (choice patterns) from 6s. 9d. to the Full Dress.  
New Balzarines ..... 5s. 9d. ....  
French and Indie Organza Muslins ..... 5s. 9d. ....  
French and Swiss Cambrics ..... 3s. 9d. ....  
Rich Fancy Glacé Silks (4 wide) ..... One Guinea.

French Barege Skirts, a disposition (including bodies), 21s. to 25s. 6d.

French Glacé Silk Skirts, with Three Flounces (including bodies), 45s. 6d.

WHITE and CO., 192, Regent Street.

A SINGL E S T A Y Carriage free to any part of the Country, on receipt of a Post-office Order. Waist measure only required.

Drawings sent on receipt of a Postage Stamp.

The Elastic Bodice, 12s. 6d.; Paris Ware Stays, 10s. 6d. The Elastic Bodice, with simple fastening in front, is strongly recommended by the Faculty.

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"Infinitely superior to anything of the kind yet introduced, and in point of style and workmanship it is alike unexceptionable."—Editorial notice in "Le Follet."

They combine firmness with elasticity, fit closely, fasten easily in front, and are adapted for every age, figure and habitude. Enlarged prospectus, illustrations, details of prices, explicit directions and papers for self-measurement, &c., to any lady, post free. All country orders sent carriage paid, or post free.

Mesdames MARION and MAITLAND, Patentees, 54, Connaught Terrace, Hyde Park, London; and at the Paris Universal Exhibition.

ELASTIC SUPPORTING BELTS OF A NEW FABRIC FOR LADIES' USE before and after ACCOUCHEMENT are admirably adapted for giving adequate support with extreme lightness—a point little attended to in the comparatively clumsy contrivances and materials hitherto employed.

Instructions for measurement, with prices, on application, and the article sent post from the Manufacturers, POPE and PLANTE, 4, Waterloo Place, Pall Mall, London.

TO SMART YOUNG MEN WHO WANT a HAT. Go to PARKER'S, the Physiognomical Hatter, 128, Shoreditch, opposite the Church. You are respectfully invited to select your shape from the window.

THE 47s. SUITS.—The 16s. Trousers reduced to 11s.; Trousers and Waistcoat, 22s.; Coat, Waistcoat, and Trousers, 47s., made to order from Scotch Tweeds, all wool, and thoroughly shrunk, by B. BENJAMIN, Merchant Tailor, 74, Regent Street. N.B.—A perfect fit guaranteed.

HOLYLAND'S NOVEL AND FASHIONABLE PROMENADE LONG FROCK COAT, for the Spring Season. This economical and complete Garment is now ready for inspection and sale. Also the renowned Beauft riding and lounging Coat, is produced in the first style at most economical charges for cash payments.—150, Strand, two doors west of Somerset House.

A Cure—Nice, Safe, and Sure, without Medicine—for Indigestion, Constipation, Cough, Asthma, Bronchitis, Debility, Consumption, Fits, Spasms, Cramps, Acidity, Heartburn, Flatulence, Dropsey, Dysentery, Diarrhoea, Nervous, Bilious, and Liver Complaints, Nausea, Low Spirits, and Sickness, is:

DU BARRY'S DELICIOUS HEALTH RESTORING REVALENTA ARABICA FOOD, which removes the above complaints, imparts a healthy relish for lunch and dinner, and restores the faculty of digestion, and nervous and muscular energy, to the most enfeebled. Highly approved by Doctors Ure, Shorland, Harvey, Campbell, Gaicker, Wurzer, Ingram; Lord Stuart de Decies; Dowager Countess of Castlereagh; Rev. J. W. Flavell, and 50,000 other respectable persons, whose health has been perfectly restored by it after all other means of cure had failed.

In canisters, 1lb., 2s. 9d.; 2lb., 4s. 6d.; 5lb., 11s.; 12lb., 22s. The 12lb. carriage free, on receipt of Post-office order. Barry Du Barry and Co., 77, Regent Street, London; also at 182, Piccadilly; 60, Gracechurch Street; 830, and 451, Strand; 4, Cheapside; 60 and 68, Cornhill; 49, Bishopsgate Street; 55, Charing Cross; 54, Upper Baker Street; 13 and 150, Oxford Street; 89, High Street, Camden Town; 18, Pall Mall; 7, Pall Mall East; 132, New Bond Street; 24, Motcomb Street; 13, King William Street, City; 30, Conduit Street; 21, Cockspur Street; 95, Farringdon Street; 67, St. Paul's Churchyard; 6, Edward Street, Portman Square.

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CARSTAIR'S WRITING ESTABLISHMENT for LADIES and GENTLEMEN, removed from 81, Lombard St. to 112, Cheapside, nearly opposite Bow Church.

LONDON and WESTMINSTER BANK.—The TEMPLE BAR BRANCH of this Bank was OPENED on Friday, the 13th inst., at the Temporary Offices, No. 211, Strand.

The Capital of the Bank is £5,000,000 sterling, in 50,000 shares of £100 each. The sum of £20 has been paid on each share, so that the paid-up capital is £1,000,000 sterling.

The Bank has above Twelve Hundred Partners, whose names are registered at the Stamp Office, and are printed with the Annual Report of the Directors.

Current Accounts are received on the same principles as those observed by the London Bankers.

Sums from £10 upwards are received upon interest. For these sums receipts are granted, called deposit receipts.

Circular Notes are issued for the use of travellers on the Continent.

J. W. GILBART, General Manager.

Lothbury, June 19, 1855.

English and Foreign Life Assurance Society, Offices, 43, Broad Street, Bristol, June 23, 1855.

W. V. POLE, Accountant, House, and General Commission Agent, to the Metropolitan Loan Company. Established 1839. Loans on Personal Security in Connection with Life Assurance. Agent to the English and Foreign Life Society, and Equitable Fire Insurance Company. N.B.—Rents and other Debts collected. Insolvents will meet with immediate attention. 43, BROAD STREET, BRISTOL. To Let, a House, beautifully furnished, at the sea-side, Clevedon, Somerset, that fashionable resort for the Gentry. Also, a Confectioner's Business. Apply as above.

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Patroness—HER MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY.

His Royal Highness PRINCE ALBERT has appointed TUESDAY, July 3, for the OPENING of this Institution.

Trains run to Red Hill hourly. It is half-an-hour distant from town. Special trains will be provided, and will run to and from the Asylum at reduced charges. They will depart at noon, and return at five and at seven. The charge for Return Tickets will be—First-class, 4s., and Second-class, 3s.

Ladies having Purse, to present, and other Persons holding Sealed Tickets, will have Reserved Seats.

Ladies presenting Purse with Five Guineas and upwards will take part in the Ceremony. Purse and copies of the Ceremony may be had on application.

Gentlemen, Stewards, and others, will also be supplied with an opportunity of making their offerings on behalf of the Charity.

Artists are invited to contribute something of their stores to ornament a great national institution. Form and colour are great means of education, and of gratification in the training of such a family.

Persons within a reasonable distance are invited to give cheerfulness to the day, by the presentation of Plants and Flowers.

Presents also, adapted to the cultivation of the little farm, which is to be mainly worked by the family, will be very appropriate and acceptable.

The Musical Arrangements, instrumental and vocal, are in the hands of M. BENEDICT, who has generously offered his services. No other pledge need be given of their excellence and propriety.

Refreshments of the best kind will be provided by Mr. BATHIE, of the London Tavern, at regulated charges.

Admission by Tickets, 2s. 6d. each; but free to Subscribers, on application at the Office, or to the Stewards.

All contributions will be thankfully acknowledged. Every information may be had at the Office.

We plead for those who cannot plead for themselves.

Those who have most mind, will pity those who have the least.

The greater the necessity, the greater the charity.

It is more blessed to give than to receive.

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Rt. Hon. Earl Somers, Charles Gilpin, Esq.

Rt. Hon. Lord Calthorpe, D. A. Gourlay, Esq.

Rt. Hon. Viscount Palmerston, Samuel Gurney, Jun., Esq.

Rt. Hon. Earl Jermyn, M.P., Robert Hanbury, Esq.

Rt. Hon. Lord Stanley, M.P., John Lynn Hancock, Esq.

Rt. Hon. Viscount Ebrington, M.P., Henry Hill, Esq., F.S.A.

Rt. Hon. Lord Grosvenor, M.P., Frederick Hindmarsh, Esq.

Rt. Hon. Lord A. Hervey, M.P., Ebenezer Hunt, Esq.

Rt. Hon. Lord J. M. Stuart, Henry James, Esq.

Rt. Hon. Lord James Stuart, Richard Joly, Esq.

Rt. Hon. C. Blake, Bart., Thomas Kennedy, Esq.

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Rt. Hon. James Clark, Bart., M.D., John Labouchere, Esq.

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